

THE CORTHRIFIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 552.—Vol. XXI.

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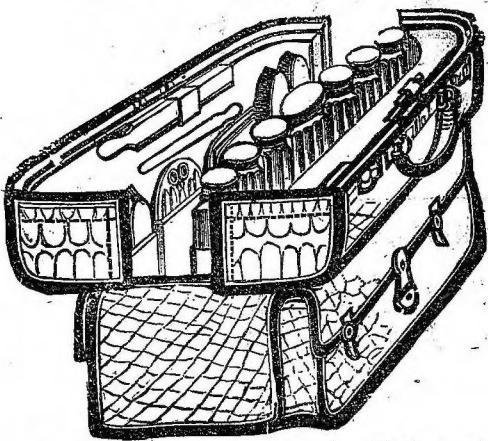
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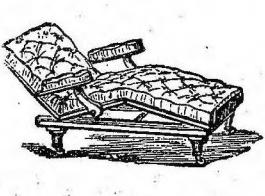
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THE BEST DRESSING for ordinary use.

PRICE 2s. 6d. 1/3RD BEYOND USUAL SIZE. THREE

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Every genuine bottle bears our signature, WARDE & CO., on label, to imitate which is felony.

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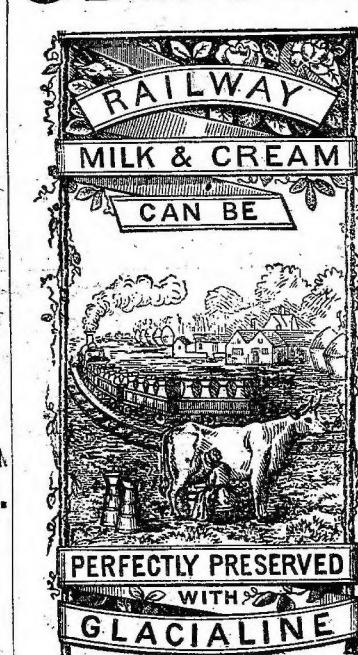
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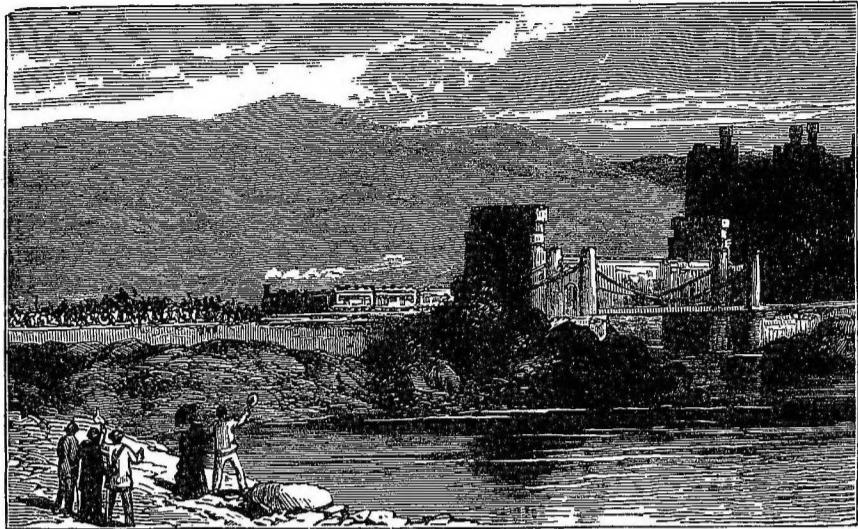
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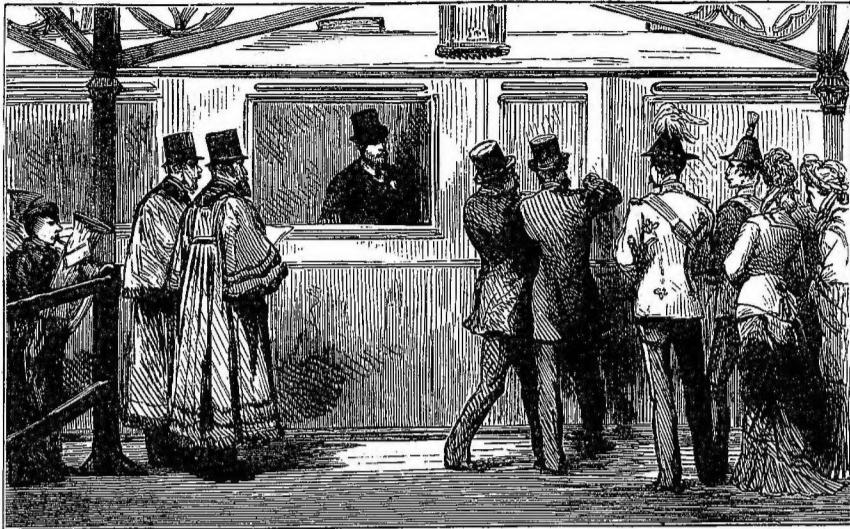
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SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1880

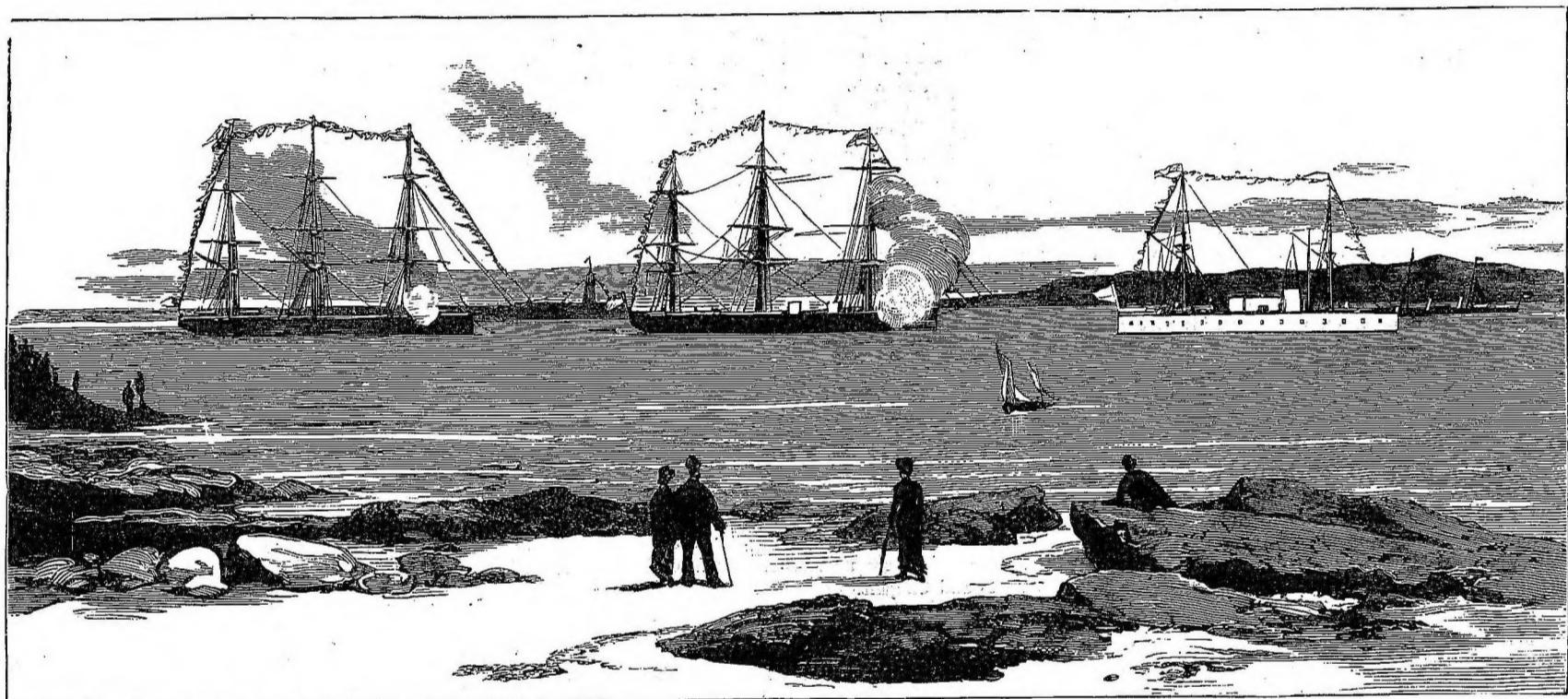
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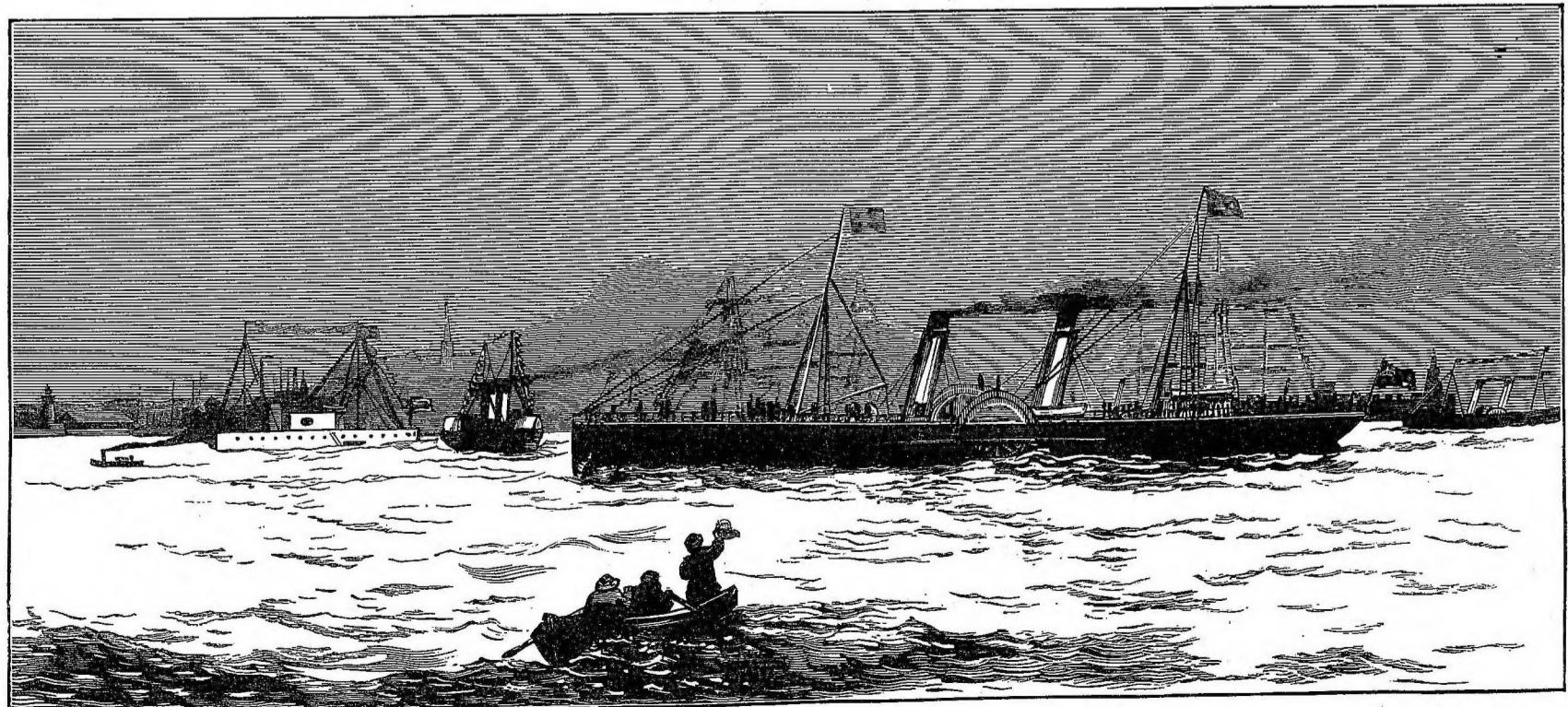
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HOLYHEAD—THE PRINCE LEAVING THE HARBOUR IN THE NEW MAIL STEAMER "LILY": A ROYAL SALUTE



The New Harbour Works

"Belleisle"

"Snaefell" (Mail Steamer)

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HOLYHEAD—RETURN OF THE PRINCE TO THE HARBOUR ON BOARD THE "LILY"

OPENING OF THE NEW HOLYHEAD HARBOUR BY THE PRINCE OF WALES



THE BRADLAUGH DISPUTE.—The decision of the House of Commons respecting the Bradlaugh case has been deplored by many sincere Liberals, but its consequences will probably not be altogether bad. For it seems to leave the Government no alternative but to introduce a measure granting once for all the right of affirmation. Nothing could be more illogical than nominally to open the door of the House of Commons to every class of Englishmen, yet to close it against persons who are unable to subscribe to a particular theological creeds. The force of circumstances has compelled Parliament to widen its test again and again; and it has for a long time been perfectly well understood that in the end the test would have to be removed altogether. Probably the vast majority of Liberals are of opinion that the Government is very much to blame for not having adopted this straightforward way out of the difficulty the instant the question was formally raised. Had it introduced at once a short measure empowering members to affirm, there can be no doubt that it would have secured a majority in the Lower House, and the chances are that the Lords would also have submitted to the inevitable. Thus a set of confusing and most unpleasant debates would have been avoided, and Parliament would have been free to proceed with its proper business. The truth apparently is that Mr. Gladstone was afraid of exciting the enmity of religious communities. If this is the explanation of his hesitancy, he has punished himself; for now that bitter passions have been aroused the difficulty of settling the question in the only reasonable way has been indefinitely increased. The extraordinary and most unfortunate "scene" of last Wednesday renders it imperative that by some means or other the matter should be disposed of without delay.

CITY CHURCHES.—The "City Church and Churchyard Protection Society" shows considerable activity for a body so recently formed, and is a remarkable instance of an association composed of members of most diverse religious and political opinions working together for a common object. At its first annual meeting, held this week, a resolution was passed to the effect that the meeting regretted the destruction of so many of the ancient parish churches of the City of London, both on aesthetic and religious grounds, and pledged itself to oppose any and every future scheme for the removal of a City church, or the desecration of the resting-places of the dead in the City of London. It is easy enough to understand the views and action of both those who would destroy and those who would prevent the destruction of these churches, but it is not so easy to decide with whom the best of the argument lies. As it is well known that, owing to the absence of a resident population, many of the City churches are mere sinecures for the incumbents, and for the practical good they do might as well not exist, it seems but reasonable enough that they should be demolished, and the produce of their valuable sites applied to church building and endowment elsewhere in the metropolis according to the provisions of a special Act of Parliament, the application of which is strongly urged by no less a personage than the Bishop of London himself. On the other hand, the conversion to secular uses of buildings once solemnly consecrated to religious purposes is a dangerous precedent, and the religious grounds on which such conversion is opposed is natural enough; while the demolition of edifices which have architectural beauty in themselves, and are rich in historical associations, is much to be deprecated on principles of aestheticism. It is evident that the representatives of these opposite views will struggle long and hard; but it is more than likely that in the end the utilitarian party will prevail.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.—There can be no doubt that a good deal of religious intolerance of the genuine old type has been exhibited in the course of the Bradlaugh debates. Several members have talked wildly of atheists as a class of persons who are necessarily rogues, and who ought scarcely to enjoy civil rights. It would, however, be a mistake to regard talk of this kind as fairly representative of the general feeling of Englishmen. Most men belonging to what are called the educated classes are perfectly prepared to admit that a person may differ from them in theological opinion, and yet be as honest as themselves. What they dislike is the militant form of infidelity, whose adherents are not content to hold their own views, but feel that they have a mission to go about denouncing the views of other people. Mr. Bradlaugh has made it his business for many years to carry on a rude attack on doctrines which, whether rightly or wrongly, are held in reverence by the majority of his countrymen. This is not a reason why he should be kept out of Parliament, but it perfectly explains the vehemence of the opposition with which his claims have been met. It is hardly a paradox to say that he himself is as intolerant as the majority of his enemies. He would not, indeed, wish to inflict upon them a legal penalty for their beliefs, but he rails against them with as much bitterness as if he had special access to the absolute sources of truth. There is a growing tendency of this kind among a certain class of English freethinkers: a tendency to assume that there is

nothing whatever to be said on behalf of Christianity, and that if believers in it are not knaves they are certainly fools. This irreligious intolerance is quite as bad, intellectually, as the intolerance of theologians, and its moral effects are likely to be considerably worse.

CENTENARY OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—The Sunday School system as at present existing is almost exclusively a British institution, and doubtless its centenary just about to be marked by special services and gatherings of children and their friends, to extend over a week both in London and the provinces, will create an interest as great as the commemoration of any event or institution, social or religious, connected with our national life. Nor is this a matter for wonder when we reflect that Sunday School children are numbered by millions, and their voluntary teachers by hundreds of thousands. There seems to be some little dispute as to the date of the first establishment of a Sunday School. The Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, for instance, is credited with having formed one at Catterick, in Yorkshire, in 1763, and about the same time a poor weaver, called "Old Jemmy o' th' Hey," is said to have gathered for religious instruction twice every Sunday the boys and girls of Little Lever, near Bolton, in Lancashire; while Mrs. Ball, at High Wycombe, and Mrs. Catherine Boey, of Huxley Abbey, Gloucestershire, certainly held two of the earliest Sunday Schools on record prior to the above-mentioned date. But the original founder of Sunday Schools on their present organised system was Mr. Robert Raikes of Gloucester, the proprietor of the *Gloucester Mercury*, who in conjunction with the Rev. Thomas Stock, Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Curate in charge of St. John's, Gloucester, established the Sunday School system in that city, whence it gradually extended itself throughout the length and breadth of the land. The religious activity of recent years has specially manifested itself in the development of the system, the Nonconformists using it with great vigour as a means of recruiting their congregations; and at the present time the clergy and members of the Established Church are applying it with redoubled energy, as in many parishes and districts the School Board system has withdrawn many children during the week from the influence of definite Church instruction. We may, therefore, expect to see Sunday Schools increase and multiply, and a fresh impetus given to their extension by the coming commemoration of their foundation. It may appear to some a matter for regret, as indeed it is, that in many instances little children are subjected to wearisome hours of instruction conducted after the weekday fashion of ordinary schools, in addition to a compulsory attendance at long services in churches and chapels, so that Sundays hang heavily on them; but of late years a great improvement has been made in this respect. Teachers have become, as a rule, more reasonable and sympathetic, and short services are specially held for children. Socially the Sunday School system is of value as helping to keep up a friendly relation between the working classes and those from whom generally, and especially in the country, the teachers are drawn; and from a religious point of view it is useful, as the teachers themselves generally obtain systematic instruction from the Ministers of Churches and Chapels.

MR. FORSTER'S IRISH LAND BILL.—It may be expected that Mr. Forster's Irish Land Bill will be subjected to a very careful scrutiny. In itself it is a small enough measure, for it relates only to particular districts during a brief period; but its principle is one of enormous importance, since it recognises the power of the State under certain circumstances to suspend the acknowledged rights of landlords. Mr. Forster does not propose that tradesmen should be forbidden to press for the settlement of debt in bad times, but, if his measure passes, the landlords of the districts to which it applies will expose themselves to a heavy fine by insisting on the payment of their rents. The only ground on which this could be justified is that property in land differs altogether in character from every other kind of property. That is a doctrine which has found vigorous supporters among political economists, including John Stuart Mill; but it has never been recognised in any broad sense by an English Government, nor is it desirable that it should be introduced for the first time in connection with a small measure for the relief of temporary distress. The motives of the Ministry may be excellent; indeed, nobody questions their benevolence. But it might easily happen that their scheme would not only do injustice to landlords, but prove most injurious to the Irish peasantry themselves. What Irish tenants have always maintained is that the soil belongs to them, and that they will never be satisfied until they have been put in possession of "their own." Let landlords be deprived, even for a short time, of the right to demand their rents, and this conviction will everywhere be confirmed. A proposal followed by such a result would certainly not be a step towards the removal of Irish discontent.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.—It has become the fashion more and more of recent years with persons who have the time and money to make holiday to defer their annual outing till late in the season. Instead of a summer holiday as it used to be, it is now an autumn holiday, whether spent in foreign travel, in home itineraries, or in quiet residence by the seaside, and it frequently happens that holiday makers

nowadays do not return home till October has set in with its comparatively short days and cold evenings. We venture to think that this new fashion is somewhat of a mistake. Of course there are many heads of families, and especially those belonging to what are called the learned professions in London and other large centres of population, who cannot get away from their duties till the summer, which pecuniarily speaking, is their time for haymaking, has well nigh passed; but on the other hand there are many who have no such ties, and yet who will not make holiday in what is really the most appropriate holiday time. Foreigners who see the troops of Britons abroad in September simply wonder why they have not come before, and the natives of Scotland, glad enough of course at any time to reap the golden harvest sown by the Saxon, cannot for the life of them make out why only a few stragglers put in an appearance in June and July, when the country north of the Tweed looks its best and its climate is most enjoyable. Wise men and women who are not bound by custom and fashion, or tied by the exigencies of their position in life, have already commenced their holiday, or will do so without delay. It is just now, both at home and abroad, that hotels, railway carriages, steamboats, and other conveyances are least crowded with tourists. It is now that the sanitary condition of towns and cities is better than it will be in many instances some weeks hence, and it is now that long dull evenings, whether at hotels or lodging-houses, may be avoided. For many reasons, June and July should be the holidaymakers' months rather than August and September.

FRANCE AND THE AMNESTY.—Probably most Frenchmen are pleased that the question of the amnesty has been settled. It has been a source of uneasiness for several years, and there were signs that the extreme Radicals intended in the coming elections to use it as a lever against the moderate Republicans. The Conservatives maintain that the concession is attended by great danger, and it is, of course, possible that they are right. There are still elements of disturbance in France, and they may, perhaps, be stirred into fresh activity by the return of the fanatics who did so much mischief during their brief term of power. Foreign observers cannot but be influenced, however, by the confidence of M. Gambetta and his friends. They seem to have no doubt that the measure is safe and expedient, and it must be assumed that they have the best means of judging the actual circumstances and tendencies of their country. It is only to be regretted that they did not give effect to their views in a more dignified manner. A few weeks ago M. de Freycinet was of opinion that it would be most unwise to grant the amnesty, and it is generally admitted that he suddenly altered his course in obedience to M. Gambetta's dictation. We have always expressed a strong admiration for M. Gambetta, but his warmest admirers can hardly consider it advisable that he should be in a position to impose his will on any Ministry which may happen to be in office. His influence in the country appears to have been slightly waning for some time, and it is obvious that he might be tempted, in order to ensure his popularity, to offer counsels that would be much more open to criticism than those which he has just forced on his friends. So powerful a statesman ought not to stand behind the Cabinet, he ought to be at its head, and openly responsible for its policy.

TRAPS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.—There is a general impression, but a wrong one, that when London goes out of town the country comes up to town, or, in other words, that our country cousins only visit us in full force when the London season is over. The truth really is that there are more country people in London during the month of June than at any time of the year, not even the Cattle Show week excepted. The Derby is the first attraction, and then the horse shows, and Ascot, the picture exhibitions, and many other special provisions in the way of amusements; while the days are long, and give plenty of light both for business and pleasure. And so it comes to pass that country cousins of all sorts and conditions throng our streets through the hours of leafy June, which from one point of view we fancy might be more pleasantly spent at their rural homes. It is now that in London life and in the London streets the skilfully-baited traps for the unwary catch most victims, and impostors of all kinds reap their best harvest. To the regular frequenters of our thoroughfares impostors and their ways are well known, and the traps set in shop windows, in advertisements on the hoardings, and in the newspapers, are familiar and harmless. It is otherwise with many of our country cousins. Impostors "have" them in all directions: with the confidence trick, the painted bird fraud, and the ring dodge. Mock auctions are mostly supported by them, and it is they who mainly buy the great bargains at the "sellings off," and semi-permanent shops established for the express purpose of disposing of miscellaneous rubbish, manufactured for this particular trade, under the flaming and untrue notices that the sale is only for "a few days," or has come to its "last day." It is the country cousins who get into omnibuses and trams labelled with certain names of places in large letters, while the "near" before them is very small; it is they who fall victims to the false cries of the newspaper boys, or buy early editions for late ones, who eat the fraudulently cheap dinners, or rather who pay for them, who, in a word, tumble into the hundreds of pitfalls set for young men and young women from the country in the streets of London at this season of the year.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—EVERY EVENING (excepting Saturday), at 7.45, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE (22nd time), terminating with the Tragedy, Shylock, entitled IOLANTHE, Iolanthe, Miss Ellen Terry. Concluding with an Idyll by W. G. Wills, entitled EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, at 8, THE BELLS (Mathias, Mr. Irving), and IOLANTHE. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE every Saturday morning at 2. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—Mrs. S. F. BATEMAN, Proprietor and Manager.—Shakespeare's MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, for a limited number of nights. Produced by Mr. Edward Saker, of the Alexandra Theatre, with the completeness which has commanded success in Liverpool, Dublin, Brighton, &c. An efficient dramatic company, beautiful classic and sylvan scenery, magnificent dresses and appointments, and orchestra and chorus expressly selected for the performance of Mendelssohn's music, and a troupe of gifted child artists as Oberon, Titania, Puck, &c. (who have gained extraordinary favour, wherever they have appeared by their remarkable ability), will, Mrs. Bateman trusts, gain for Mr. Saker's production of this exquisite play the same popularity it has won elsewhere.—NEW SADLER'S WELLS.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, MR. W. G. CUSINS.—LAST CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, June 30, Eight o'clock. Doors open at Half-past Seven, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Miss Anne Zimmerman will play a New Concerto, by Arthur Jackson; Madame Norina Nedra, and Mr. Santley, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; and a New Overture by Sir Julius Benedict. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s.—Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MUSICAL UNION.—GRAND and LAST MATINÉE. M. ST. JAMES'S HALL, TUESDAY, June 29, at 3 o'clock.—Septet of Beethoven; Violin Solo, Bach; Duet, Violoncello and Piano, Rubinstein; Kreutzer, Sonata; Beethoven; Septet, Hummel; AUER, from St. Petersburg. Solo Violinist, Duvernoy. Pianist from Paris, Lasserre, Hollander, Lazarus, &c. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co., and Ollivier, Bond Street, and Austin, at the Hall. Visitors can pay at the Regent Street Entrance. Prof. E.L.A. Director.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, WEDNESDAY NEXT, June 30, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, commencing at 2 o'clock.

CANTERBURY.—Great success of the Grand Ballet, NYMPHS OF THE OCEAN, Invented and Arranged by M. Dewinne. Music by M. Edouard Frewin. Premiere Danseuses; Miles, Ada and Alice Holt, supported by Miles, Broughton, Powell, Aguzzi; M. Dewinne, M. Carlos, M. Bertram, and the Corps de Ballet.

CANTERBURY.—NYMPHS OF THE OCEAN, Every Evening at 10. Brilliant Scenic Effects, Magnificent Transformation, Gorgeous Dresses, Pretty Music, and the Best of Dancers. "It is not easy to convey to the reader in words an idea of the beauty of the Ballet." "It is worthy to rank with anything of the kind that has preceded it." "Too high praise cannot be given to the principals, whose dancing is fairly enchanting."—*Era*.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES. Under Royal Patronage.—Best Entertainment in the World. Special Engagement of all the Star Artists Every Evening at 8. Miss Nelly Power, Miss Emily Mott, Marie Compton, Lizzie Simms; G. H. Macdermott, Arthur Roberts, James Fawn, Victor Liston, Fred Law, Caulfield and Booker, De Castro Troupe. Concluding with a Comic Sketch.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

THE NEW PROGRAMME
EVERY NIGHT AT 8.
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, AND SATURDAYS, 3 AND 8.
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS AND BALLADS.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.
No Fees.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

MESSRS. MOORE and BURGESS have the honour to announce to their patrons that, taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the Summer Recess of the

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, of New York, they have (at enormous expense) entered into an Engagement with all the Principal Members of that Great Company to appear at the ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FOR A LIMITED NUMBER OF NIGHTS, COMMENCING

MONDAY, JULY 5TH,
During which period the St. James's Hall Company will appear at the Standard Theatre.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

MR. GEORGE THATCHER,
MR. GIBBONS, MR. JOHNSON, and
MR. POWERS,
the Four Great Comedians of the San Francisco Minstrels, will commence a brief engagement here on MONDAY, JULY 5TH.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. VERY CATCHING, by F. C. Burnand; music by J. L. Molloy; After which OUR ASCOT PARTY, by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with a New Second Piece, A FLYING VISIT, by Arthur Law. Music by Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION for RHINELAND, WESTPHALIA, and neighbouring districts, in connection with a Universal German Art Exhibition at Düsseldorf, 1880, open from the 6th May to the end of September, 1880. This Exhibition, the largest that has ever been held in the German Empire, offers, in connection with the magnificent pleasure grounds of the Zoological Gardens, every attraction to the visitor. A very important Exhibition of Art Industrial Antiquities, to be found in a prominent Annex. Admission, from 8 to 10 a.m., 2 marks; from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., 1 mark. Every afternoon at 3 o'clock a large concert is held. In the evening the gardens are lighted by the electric light. Numerous elegantly-arranged restaurants, old-fashioned German wine and beer rooms, Vienna café, conditores, &c. In the centre of the main building is a reading-room with nearly 100 home and foreign newspapers, electric railway and lift to the tower view, &c. In the immediate neighbourhood are the stations of the Köln-Minden and Bergisch-Märkisch Railways. The connection with the town is made by tramways, omnibuses, and a single track of the Bergisch-Märkisch Railway. Post and telegraph offices. Gratia information concerning apartments to be obtained from the office, Bazarstrasse No. 5, Düsseldorf.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromo-lithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

GROSVENOR GALLERY SUMMER EXHIBITION now OPEN from 9 till 7. Admission, 1s. Season Ticket, 5s.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, A CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon; from London Bridge 10.35 a.m., calling at Croydon. Day Return Ticket, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10.45 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m.; and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.00 noon.

Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds); available to return by any train the same day only.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Day Return Tickets to Brighton, including admission to the Aquarium, are issued from Victoria, London Bridge, and nearly all Stations.

FAMILY and TOURIST TICKETS are now issued, available for one month, from London Bridge, Victoria, &c., to Portsmouth (for Southsea, Ryde, Cowes, Newport, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (for Bonchurch and Freshwater), and Hayling Island).

PARIS.—THE SHORT AND CHEAP ROUTE. VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.

Express Service every Week-night, 1, 2, and 3 Class. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares, single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 39s., 30s. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c. Passengers are now booked through from London, To Italy, Switzerland, and the South of France, by this route.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route Crinan and Caledonian Canals. Steamer *Colomba* or *Iona* daily, 7 a.m., for OBAN, Staffa, Iona, West Highlands. Guide Book, ed.; Illustrated, 6d.; Maps, Bills, Fares, free by post.—DAVID MACBRAYNE, No. 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

"THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF BEAUTY.

Now open daily to the Public an Exhibition of FEMALE TYPES OF BEAUTY,

painted expressly for the Proprietors of "THE GRAPHIC" by the following Artists among others:

P. H. CALDERON, R.A.	PHIL. MORRIS, A.R.A.
FRANK DICKSEE.	MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.
SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.	G. STOREY, A.R.A.
A. HOPKINS.	C. E. PERUGINI.
G. D. LESLIE, R.A.	ALMA TADEMA, R.A.
E. LONG, R.A.	J. J. TISSOT.

A Collection of Black and White Drawings by the following Artists are also on view:

H. HERKOMER, A.R.A.	CHARLES GREEN.
LUKE FILDERS, A.R.A.	J. CHARLTON.
FRANK HOLL, A.R.A.	E. J. GREGORY.
W. SMALL.	H. WOODS.
MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON.	S. E. WALLER.
CHARLES GREEN.	E. K. JOHNSON.
R. CALDECOTT.	SEYMOUR LUCAS.
W. SMALL.	W. L. THOMAS.
GEORGE H. THOMAS.	

ADMISSION: ONE SHILLING.

14, GRAFTON STREET, One Door from 164, NEW BOND STREET.

NOTE.—As the proceeds will be given to a charitable fund for the benefit of Artists, no free invitations will be issued.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily to 6.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. The FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from nine till dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.



THE QUEEN.

Written by Mrs. OLIPHANT,

AND ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER FORTY ENGRAVINGS OF PORTRAITS AND INCIDENTS IN HER MAJESTY'S LIFE;

Accompanied also by a LARGE PRESENTATION PLATE, Measuring 33 inches by 25 inches,

PRINTED IN COLOURS,

REPRESENTING A PORTRAIT GROUP

OF THE ROYAL FAMILY,
WILL BE PUBLISHED ON JUNE 28,
AND FORM

THE GRAPHIC SUMMER NUMBER.

The character of Mrs. Oliphant's writings is too well known to need comment here—it is sufficient to say that this Biography of the Queen is full of interest from beginning to end, and, aided by the numerous illustrations, it cannot fail to command the attention of many thousands of Her Majesty's loyal subjects.

N.B.—As only one edition of the Coloured Plate can be issued, it will be necessary to order immediately of your regular Newsagent.

PRICE ONE SHILLING. Postage, 3d. extra.

OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON.

NOTICE.—Next week THE GRAPHIC will consist of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which will be devoted to ILLUSTRATIONS relating to the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, with descriptive letterpress—the portion relating to PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE being written by MR. H. W. LUCY, and that dealing with the ARCHITECTURE and ARCHAEOLOGY of the buildings by MR. H. W. BREWER.



OPENING OF HOLYHEAD NEW HARBOUR

FINE weather, perfect arrangements, and popular enthusiasm contributed to the success of the day's proceedings at Holyhead on Thursday last week, when the Prince of Wales inspected the enlarged harbour and extended stations of the North-Western Railway Company. The Royal train left Euston soon after midnight on Wednesday, and at 8.30 a.m. arrived at Holyhead, when the Prince and his suite were privately received by the Duke of Sutherland, the Marquis of Stafford, Lord Culville of Culross, and Mr. Moon, the Chairman of the Company. He breakfasted in the new hotel, which is henceforth to be known by his name, and subsequently embarked on board the *Lily*, a splendid new vessel built by Messrs. Laird of Birkenhead, proceeded to inspect the harbour, the vessels in which were gaily dressed out from stem to stern with fluttering flags of all colours. As the *Lily* steamed out past the Breakwater, which the Prince opened seven years ago, the men of the *Bacchante*, the *Hercules*, and the *Belleisle* manned the yards, and cheered, and the guns thundered forth a Royal Salute. Half-an-hour's sail brought the *Lily* and her companion the *Eleanor* to their meeting with the *Rose*, which brought a party of guests from Ireland, and then all three made for the harbour, which was entered amid renewed salutations and cheering from the numerous spectators on shore and on board the vessels lying by. Luncheon was served in the immense Goods Station of the railway, which had been tastefully decorated, and here the Prince, responding to the toast of his health, declared the new harbour open, and proposed "Prosperity to the London and North Western Railway Company." Mr. Moon, the Chairman, replying to this toast, sketched the history of the company, which now owned, he said, 2,200 engines, 66,000 carriages, 40,000 waggons, and 3,000 horses. The proceedings ended with a toast in honour of the Directors, and the Prince took his departure amid the cheers of the assembled company. At four o'clock he left Holyhead by special train for Trentham, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, a halt being made at Llandudno, where he opened the New Waterworks by turning on the water of a fountain with a silver key. The arrival of the train at Llandudno was hailed by the expectant inhabitants with loud cheering and much waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and in the station an incident occurred

which forms the subject of one of our sketches. Much excitement and confusion were created by the discovery that the door on the platform side of the carriage in which the Prince rode was locked, and as no key could be found to open it, screw-drivers and other tools were brought into requisition, but without avail. The Prince, evidently more amused than annoyed, waited patiently for some minutes, and then solved the difficulty by getting out on the other side, walking over the ballast, and passing through another carriage to the platform.

The works of the London and North Western Railway Company at Holyhead are very extensive. They include the enlargement of the harbour from an area of 10½ acres to 24 acres, with a depth of 13 feet at ebb and 30 feet at flood of spring tides, and 18 feet and 23 feet respectively at neaps; the construction of a new graving dock, 410 feet long and 64 feet wide; the lengthening of the quay by 4,000 feet, and the erection upon it of a new goods shed 750 feet long; and considerable additions to the "sidings," of which there are now more than fifteen miles. The Company's fleet comprises sixteen first-class steamers, two new vessels of steel plates having just been added to it.

THE KING OF THE HELLENES

See next page.

THE WYNAAD GOLD FIELDS, SOUTHERN INDIA

THE region named the Wynnaad forms a talook, or subdivision, of the British district of Malabar, in the Presidency of Madras. It is a mountainous tract, overrun by forest and jungle, and separated from the low country of Malabar by the culminating ridge of the Western Ghats, from which it slopes eastward and north-eastward towards Mysore. The area is about 1,200 square miles.

From time immemorial, gold has been extensively used in India for ornamental and other purposes, and it is generally supposed that much of the precious metal was derived from the Wynnaad district. Nearly fifty years ago an officer deputed for the purpose of making inquiries reported that "the whole of the lower slopes of the Wynnaad hill ranges were mined throughout." In 1875 it was ascertained that "in the neighbourhood of Devala, in the same district, there was not a hillside to which water could be turned, where the whole surface soil had not been washed away; every stream had been diverted from its course, and the bottom washed out; every reef had been prospected, and the underlie, where easily got at, turned over."

The descendants of these ancient miners are probably still to be found in the Korambars, a tribe which inhabits part of the district, and which still follows the occupation of mining, although not with the energy or success of ancient times. They have no machinery, and are therefore individually able only to crush 10 lbs. or 12 lbs. of stone a day, nevertheless it is worth noting that the idea of calcining the stone, which has only lately been thought of by Europeans, has been known to them from time immemorial.

But the reputation which the Wynnaad has recently attained as a probably profitable gold-field is chiefly due to the careful surveys and reports of Mr. R. Brough Smyth, a gentleman who, as a mining engineer, has for years held a responsible official position in the golden colony of Victoria, Australia. Gold-bearing rocks have been found over five hundred miles of the district, and the average product of the auriferous quartz was about an ounce to the ton, although far richer samples have been met with. There is plenty of timber at hand, and an abundant supply of running water. The deposit has never yet been attacked on anything like a systematic or scientific plan. Several companies have already been formed for the purpose of working the reefs, and as the Madras Government are acting in a liberal spirit, authorising the granting of gold-mining leases at a moderate rental, and refraining from levying any royalty or other tax on the miners, it is probable that sooner or later gold-mining will be established as an important industry in Southern India.

Our engravings, which are from photographs lent to us by Mr. J. G. Watson, of 4, Cullum Street, E.C., will give an idea of the scenery on two of the coffee states, namely, the Richmond and the Needle Rock, examined by Mr. Brough Smyth.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 645.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

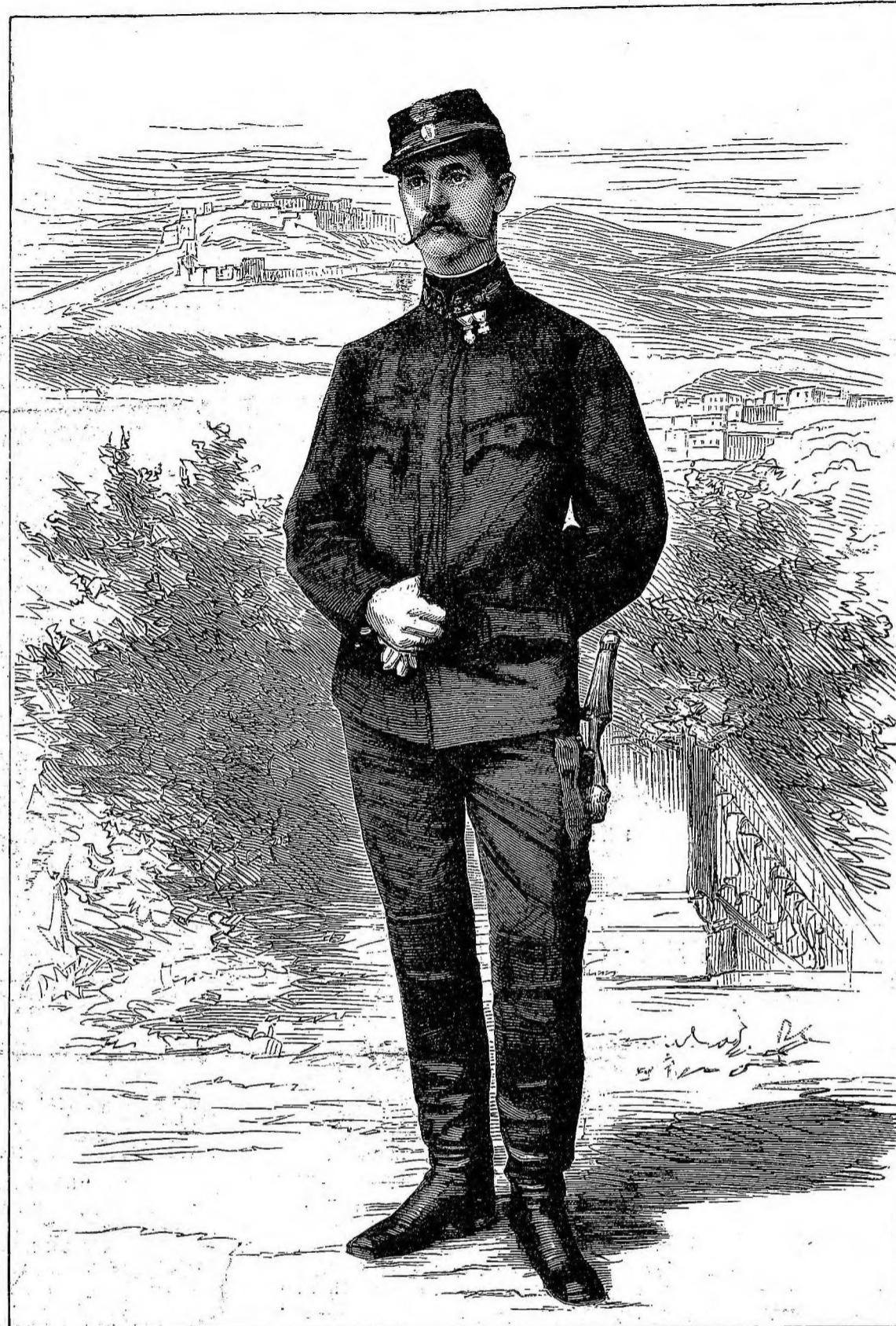
THERE are few places even in London where such a diversity of types may be seen as at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Ever since its establishment by George the Third, under the Presidency of Sir Joshua Reynolds—now more than a century since—the Exhibition has been one of the chief features of the London season, and a favourite resort of both the fashionable and the unfashionable world. Moreover now that the means of locomotion have so largely increased, country cousins make a point of running up to town for a day in order to "see the Academy," and the merits or demerits of the various "Millais" or "Leightons" furnish food for discussion amongst their friends or neighbours for months afterwards. Thus, notwithstanding that the Exhibition has been moved of late years from the cramped quarters of a wing of the National Gallery to the spacious rooms in Burlington House, the Exhibition is always crowded to excess with a fairly good-natured motley throng, whose remarks to an artist are sometimes instructive, but ordinarily intensely amusing. The realistic man—like the farmer who pointed out the mistake of a score of pigs feeding without one having a foot in the trough—is always present, ready to detect the error in the topmast rig of a vessel, or in the colour of a judge's robes; while the amateur dabbler in art, who is looked up to by his inartistic friends as an authority, is sure not to be far off, giving forth his opinion with an oracular sententiousness which would be ludicrous if it were not so intensely aggravating. It is surprising to find how few people will ever confess to ignorance in Art matters. All—at least most—have in their youthful days drawn five-barred gates and tumbledown cottages, which, touched up by the careful hand of a master, have been forwarded home to an admiring circle of parents and relations. Thus, have they not had an Art education, and are they not capable of pointing out the faults and absurdities which this or that artist always commits in their omnipotent opinion? Then there are the Cimabue-Brown aesthetics gushingly enthusiastic over productions of their own school, and scathingly hostile to such painters as may not be included in their own immediate circle. Then, of course, and their name is legion, are the visitors who merely come to see the paintings they have read about so as to say that they have seen them, and who, having previously carefully marked a catalogue, fall down and worship the canvases which have been so glowingly described in the columns of the *Diurnal Scribbler*; and finally—and we must not forget them—those members of the fair sex who, as in Dr. Johnson's time, come to see and be seen, and take far more interest in a "piece of lace or brocade" than in any paintings by the best masters. Indeed, on private view days the toilettes and costumes are as noticeable as in the grounds at Hurlingham or the enclosure at Ascot on a Cup day. By the way, we should like to note how the feminine fashions affect the comfort of the masculine visitors. A couple of years since it was perilous for a solitary man to attempt to move about, so numerous were the snares in the form of long trailing skirts. This year Dame Fashion has been kind, and short or looped-up dresses enable him to journey through the rooms without the haunting fear of a broken limb.

GEORGE I., KING OF THE HELLENES.

SELDOM has a young King had so apparently difficult a task before him as young Prince William of Denmark when in 1863 he accepted the offer of the Crown of Greece. One foreign sovereign, Otho of Bavaria, had already been tried, and being found lamentably wanting, had been deposed by a revolution, of which the embers were still smouldering, while two European princes, Prince Alfred of England and the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, had successively declined the honour of succeeding him, and undertaking the weighty task of restoring order to a kingdom disorganized by the misrule of courtiers and favourites, and by financial entanglement; an inevitable consequence of bad Government. Moreover, from the earliest period of their history, the Greeks have never been easy people to govern, and when outside influences, such as the continual bickerings and quarrels with the Turkish Government, were taken in consideration, the task was somewhat formidable for a lad of seventeen. This task has been well fulfilled, and we doubt whether any sovereign in Europe is more popular with his subjects than George, King of the Hellenes. And yet there have been no small national and international difficulties during his seventeen years' reign. There have been continual changes of Ministries and party struggles, from which the King has ever managed to keep aloof, treating each successive Premier with as much consideration as his predecessor, while all the time paying as much attention to the routine business of the nation as though he were a Permanent Secretary. The King is now thirty-four years of age, having been born on December 24, 1845. He is the second son of the King and Queen of Denmark, but on his acceptance of the Crown of Greece on June 6th, 1863, he renounced any rights that he might have to the Danish throne in favour of his younger brother. On the 27th of the same month the Greek Assembly declared him to be of full age to reign, and on October 30th, 1863, King George arrived in Athens. From that day His Majesty has devoted himself heart and soul to the benefit of his adopted country.

In 1865 he gave up a third of his Civil List, in order to relieve the Treasury, and next year Greece became involved in the Cretan insurrection, with which his subjects openly sympathised, affording material assistance to the insurgents, until in 1868 diplomatic relations were broken off with Turkey, only to be resumed through the intervention of the Paris Congress in the following year.

During the Russo-Turkish War King George had no little trouble

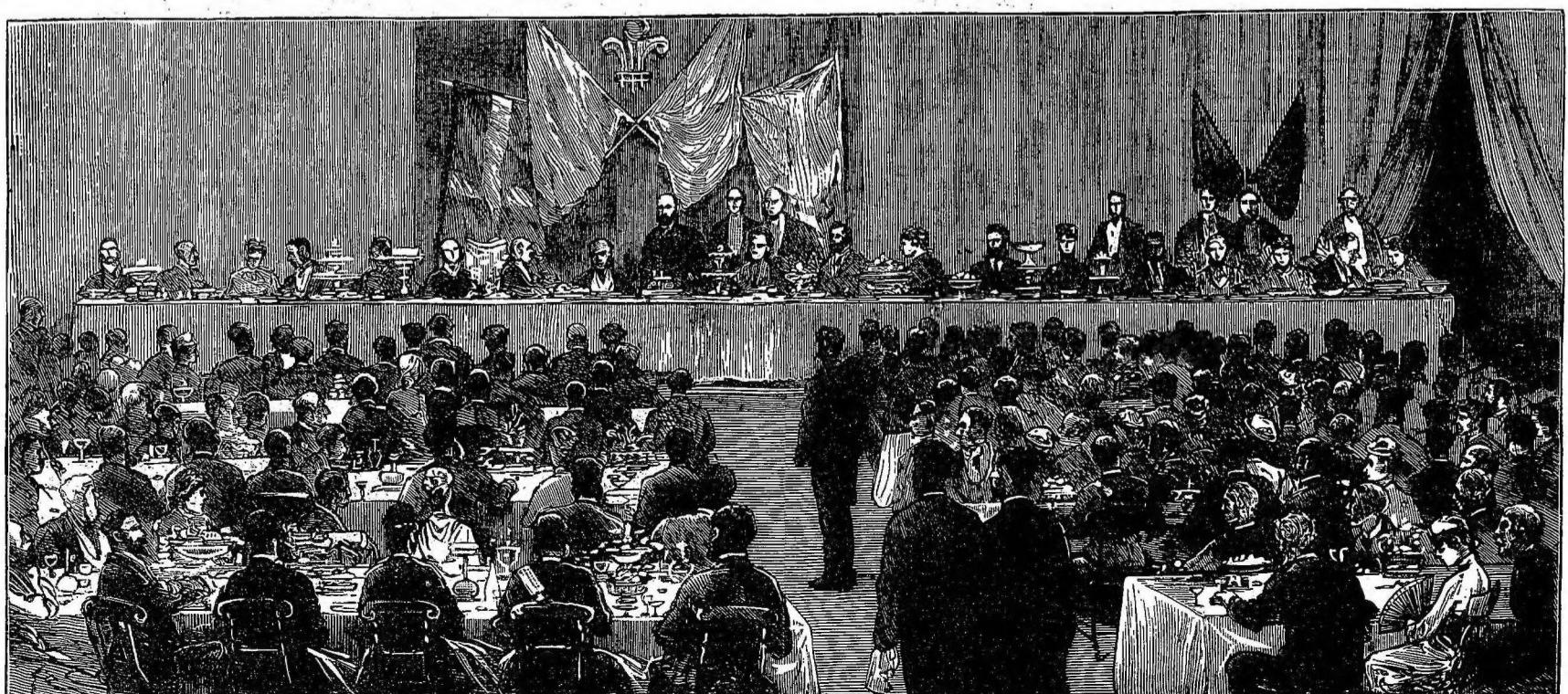


GEORGE I., KING OF THE HELLENES.

in keeping his subjects quiet, so anxious were they to join in the fray, and pay off old scores, and regain a further portion of their former territory now under the dominion of the hated Mussulman. The war over, the negotiations with the Porte for the extension of the frontier caused intense popular excitement, which at one time could only be calmed by the King's personal intervention.

King George, in 1867, was married to the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, the daughter of the Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, and has five children, the eldest boy, heir to the throne, is entitled the Duke of Sparta.

The King arrived in this country on the 3rd inst., and has been the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales. As usual when Crowned Heads visit this country, he was invited to accept an Address of welcome from the Corporation of the City of London, and on Wednesday week drove to the Guildhall in a State procession, with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The King, who wore a blue uniform, and whose handsome youthful appearance excited general admiration, was received with all due ceremony by the Lord Mayor, and being conducted to the Library was presented with an Address in a handsome gold casket. The Address, which was read out by the Recorder, welcomed His Majesty, and alluded to the progress that Greece had made under his sway, noted the "extraordinary development of commercial enterprise with foreign States, and particularly with Great Britain, since Greece had been liberated and placed under a free constitutional rule," and also the steps that the King's Government had taken to promote education. The King made a courteous reply, thanking the Lord Mayor, and declaring that "England's share in the efforts which resulted in the establishment of the Greek kingdom, and the glorious deeds of those Englishmen who took an active part in the regeneration of Greece, are still, and always will be, fresh in our minds." At the subsequent luncheon several further speeches were made, the Lord Mayor proposing the King's health, to which His Majesty replied, affirming that the internal progress which Greece had made during the past few years has been real and material, and stating that as soon as the frontier question was settled, the railway lines to unite Greece with the rest of Europe would be at once commenced. The vexed question of frontier rectification was also touched upon subsequently by Mr. Gladstone, who drew attention to the fact that on that very day the representatives of the Great Powers were meeting in the capital of Germany to consider how best to carry out the stipulations with regard to Greece and the extension of her frontier which are contained in the Treaty of Berlin.



OPENING OF THE NEW HOLYHEAD HARBOUR BY THE PRINCE OF WALES — THE LUNCHEON



THE KING OF THE HELLENES IN THE CITY — PRESENTATION OF THE CIVIC ADDRESS IN THE LIBRARY OF THE GUILDHALL

NATIVE SPORTS AT CANDAHAR
AND
M. CHALLEMEL LACOUR.
See page 653.

THE "AGAMEMNON" AT OXFORD

The performance of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, at Balliol College, was a bold and interesting experiment, and one we believe that has seldom been publicly attempted since Dr. Parr's pupils were wont to act the plays of Sophocles at Stanmore. The experiment, however, has proved a complete success, and is likely to be tried elsewhere, and in particular by the Westminster scholars, whose admirable rendering of Latin plays yearly attracts overflowing audiences. In their programme the actors disclaimed any intention of producing a *fac-simile* of a Greek drama; but stated that they had been guided throughout by the one desire of giving the work the best dramatic expression in their power. Thus there were no masks, which formed so important a part in the Greek actor's costume, while the drama was curtailed, Hermann's text being adopted. The *Agamemnon*, the most powerful of the tragedies of Aeschylus, treats of the murder of Agamemnon by his wife Clytemnestra, in revenge for having sacrificed their daughter Iphigeniea to propitiate the gods when becalmed with the fleet off Aulis. At the time the play opens, Agamemnon is returning victorious from the fall of Troy, and a sentinel is watching for the beacon which is to announce his approach. The beacon is seen, and he warns Clytemnestra by a shout. The Chorus enters, and Clytemnestra tells them the news. They are at first incredulous, but their doubts are set at rest by the arrival of a herald from the army. Clytemnestra then taunts them with their unbelief, and bids the herald return to her husband with the message that he will find her as he left her, a good and faithful wife. The Chorus, then growing gloomier and gloomier in tone, sing of the ruin that Helen brought upon Troy, whether she came as a "bride and spirit of breathless calm," but, in truth, as a Fury, to avenge the crime of Paris. Agamemnon then appears with his captive Cassandra, Priam's daughter, and is greeted by the Chorus, and warmly welcomed by Clytemnestra, who, feigning an intense affection, describes the sadness of her life while her husband was away. Agamemnon, after objecting to pass over the purple carpet which had been laid down for him, enters the palace with Clytemnestra, and the Chorus sing of their dire foreboding. Clytemnestra returning, urges Cassandra to go into the house, but the latter takes no notice until, seeing the statue of Apollo, she bursts forth into a frenzy of prophecy, foretelling the death of Agamemnon and herself, and the subsequent vengeance of Orestes. She then enters, and a moment after the death cry of Agamemnon is heard, and Clytemnestra appears to boldly avow the deed, and displays the murdered bodies of her husband and Cassandra within the palace. The Chorus rebuke her and mourn their King, while her lover, Aegisthus, entering, hails the news with triumph, as the murder of his father, slain by Agamemnon's father, is now avenged. The Chorus turns upon him, denounce his cowardice in leaving the deed to Clytemnestra, call upon Agamemnon's son Orestes for retribution, and a fray seems inevitable, when Clytemnestra interposes and, turning to Aegisthus, speaks the final words:

Heed not their idle barking; thou and I,
Ruling the palace, surely will ordain.

The acting throughout was exceedingly good. Clytemnestra, "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall," was taken by Mr. F. R. Benson, of New College, who achieved an extraordinary success. "Draped in white, the daughter of the Swan," wrote the critic of the *Daily News*, "Seemed to tower over the Chorus, dominating them from the height of her pride and passion." Cassandra was played by Mr. G. Lawrence (of Corpus Christi College), Agamemnon by Mr. W. N. Bruce, of Balliol, and Aegisthus by Mr. H. A. C. Dunn, of New College. The Chorus also deserves great praise, while the slow music, composed by Mr. Parratt, of Magdalen, was particularly appropriate. The dresses, which were partly designed by Mr. Burne Jones, were simple, and at the same time exceedingly effective.

THE HISTORY OF THE "DUCHESS" CANOE PUNT

This story lies in a nut-shell; indeed, that term may be fitly applied to the craft, fair but frail, which forms the subject of the narrative. Once upon a time, at a certain station in India, near Bemaru Lake, which is situated just behind the Shirpur cantonments, and which swarms with wild duck, very tempting to the subalterns in the British camp, there lived a youth of sportsmanlike tendencies. He heard that wild fowl abounded in the neighbourhood, and he resolved to shoot them, in the orthodox style, from a punt. Punts were unknown in that benighted region; but he was equal to the occasion, and one was built by native carpenters under his superintendence. It was christened the *Duchess*, and was borne triumphantly to the water. The *Duchess* seemed rather "crank" as he stepped gingerly into her, nevertheless he took his seat successfully. After paddling along for awhile, he rejoiced to see the water covered with a flight of ducks. He bent forward to seize his gun; the delicate *Duchess* resented the rash movement. Her equilibrium was disturbed; and, as his gun went off, poor Mr. Winkle found himself immersed in the very element which the ducks had just quitted.

AFGHANISTAN—ELEPHANTS RAZING OUTBUILDINGS IN THE HISSARAK VALLEY

The elephant in India is trained to do almost every species of out-door labour, and it is exceedingly interesting to watch these huge animals in a timber yard, fetching and carrying large planks of wood and stacking them with as much precision as the most skilled biped. In our present sketch, for which we are indebted to Lieutenant E. Martin, 1st Ghurkhas, now serving under General Bright in the Hissarak Valley, these intelligent pachyderms are hard at work exercising rather their destructive than their constructive faculties by demolishing the walls of some superfluous outbuildings in order to make way for building a fortification.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

See page 647.

EASTERTIDE IN RUSSIA

WITH all nations who belong to the Greek Church Easter is the great festival in the year. Coming after the long Lenten period of fasting—and the members of the Greek Church *do* fast in stern reality—it is looked upon as a period of feasting and merry-making; and, like Christmas in England in olden days, as a time when feuds should be healed and quarrels forgotten. Midnight services are held in all the churches, and as the hour of twelve is tolled every one kisses his or her neighbour, and the effect produced is sometimes amusing, as in the streets the coachmen at the "witching hour" get down from their boxes to embrace each other, leaving their unfortunate fares to take temporary care of themselves. In polite circles also any gentleman presenting an egg to a young lady on Easter day can claim the right to snatch a kiss from her cheek. Amongst the numerous forms and ceremonies also which take place in St. Petersburg is the blessing by the priests of loaves of bread which eager peasants hold up to them at the church doors for the purpose. This also takes place at midnight, and the peasants sometimes wait for hours at the doors to obtain

such a privilege. They deck the loaves with candles and roses in honour of the event, which produce a very quaint effect. Further south a very objectionable custom prevails—the populace fire continual pistols, some of which being accidentally loaded produce fatal results. The notion in the minds of the lower classes is that at every shot a Jew dies.

NOTE.—In our description of the picture "A Wreck on the Goodwin Sands," engraved in our last issue, the name of the owner should have been printed "Belfield" instead of "Belford."



LORD RIPON'S APPOINTMENT.—The Exeter Hall Meeting held last week to protest against the appointment of a Roman Catholic as Viceroy of India was of a very disorderly, not to say riotous, character. Most of the speeches were inaudible by reason of frequent interruptions, and cries of dissent; there were several "free fights" during the evening, and a number of persons were violently ejected from the Hall. In the end a memorial to Her Majesty and a petition to Parliament against the appointment were signed by the Chairman, Mr. J. D. Allcroft, on behalf of the meeting.

ELECTION PETITIONS.—At Canterbury the Hon. E. A. Gathorne Hardy and Colonel Laurie have been unseated, on the ground of the corrupt practices of their agents, though without the knowledge of the respondents, who both denied on oath that they were cognisant of the bribery proved. The same fate has befallen Messrs. Brocklehurst and Chadwick at Macclesfield, Mr. W. E. Price at Tewkesbury, and Mr. Walter Wren at Wallingford; while at Westbury the petition against Mr. C. P. Phipps has been dismissed with costs, though the judges will report that two men named Cornish were guilty of numerous acts of bribery without the respondent's consent or authority.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.—Very disquieting news comes from Ireland. Famine fever is said to have broken out in County Mayo, and the distress in other districts is alleged to be increasing; while it is rumoured that secret drilling is being carried on in several parts of the country, and several agrarian outrages are reported. At Carrick on Shannon; a young landlord named Acheson has been committed for trial for manslaughter, he having shot one of a party of peasants who made a sudden raid upon him and his men while they were engaged in fencing a farm, from which a defaulting tenant had just been evicted. While on the way to and from the police-court the strong police escort of sixty men had great difficulty in protecting him from the mob, and a serious struggle took place between them and some militiamen, one of whom was arrested for stone-throwing.

MR. BRADLAUGH is now a prisoner in the Westminster Clock Tower, where after his removal from the House on Wednesday he was visited by several honourable members, and also by his daughters and Mrs. Besant, and a number of sympathetic friends, to whom he said that he would take time to consider what course to pursue. He declares, however, that he has no apology to make, and that he intends to stand strictly on his constitutional rights. Mr. Bradlaugh's friends are busy organising demonstrations in his favour. Telegrams expressing sympathy with him and indignation at the affront put upon him have been sent from Northampton and other places, and many offers of pecuniary aid have also been made.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., has been gazetted an Ordinary Member of the Military Division of the First Class, or Knights Grand Cross, of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

THE VOLUNTEERS.—Lord Elcho has written to *The Times*, expressing his deep regret at the decision of the Government refusing to allow the proposed Volunteer Review to take place in Hyde Park. Their excuse, he says, amounts "simply to a confession that King Mob rules in the metropolis, that the authorities, military and civil, cannot by judicious tactical arrangements, easily made, and with the help of three regiments of Cuirassiers, one of light cavalry, six battalions of Foot Guards, and 10,000 Metropolitan Police, horse and foot, keep an enclosure from being forced by the crowd."—Some 930 of the rank and file of the Fourth East York (Hull) Artillery Volunteers, with twelve of their officers have resigned in a body because their commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Humphrey, had been called upon to resign by the War Office authorities, in consequence of some unexplained differences with some other of the officers. The War Office has, however, declined to accept the resignation of the malcontent officers. It is said that Lord Londesborough has also intimated his intention to resign the Hon. Colonecy of both the Rifle and Artillery Volunteers in consequence of the action of the War Office.

CONDUCT OF BRITISH TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—In a further report on this subject, dated Pretoria, March 27, Sir G. Wolseley replies at length to Dr. Russell, who, he says, has been convicted, by the local authorities of Durban and Pretoria, to whom he appealed, of "lending too credulous an ear to the curiosities of idle gossip, and of setting unfounded stories before the public in the delusive dress of established fact." In response to this, Dr. Russell writing to *The Times*, says that he intends to appeal from the summing-up, in which he is pronounced to be "guilty" by one who is both judge and jury in the cause, to the only tribunal which can deliver a satisfactory judgment in the matter, and to lay before the authorities to whom the despatch was addressed evidence which will, he thinks, fully sustain the bulk of his original allegations.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND.—On Saturday the Duke of Manchester presided at the annual dinner in aid of this Fund, and amongst the guests was Sir Garnet Wolseley, who, responding for "the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces," said that it was not to be wondered at that he was jealous of the honour and good name of the private soldier, seeing that to him he owed everything he possessed in the world. Speaking of Special War Correspondents, he declared his belief that no men did their duty with greater honesty and zeal, and he added that it was to the Press generally that the British Army looked for aid to reform, and "to remove from the path of progress those great boulders of prejudice and superstition which now impede the way."

VIOLENT THUNDERSTORMS occurred on Tuesday in various parts of the country. The lightning and floods did great damage in many places, notably at Sheffield, Hanley, Hereford, Wolverhampton, and Nottingham. Near the last-named place three platelayers working on the Midland Railway were struck by lightning, and one of them was killed, and in the town itself a boy aged eight was also struck dead.

THE "ATALANTA."—Another "message from the sea"—the genuineness of which is doubted by the Admiralty authorities—is reported to have been found off Halifax. It is written in lead pencil upon a barrel-stave, and runs as follows:—"Atalanta going down, April 12th, 1880. No hope. Send this to Mrs. Mary White, Piers, Sussex.—JAMES WHITE."

FALL OF A RAILWAY BRIDGE.—On Thursday night, last week, a bridge spanning a small stream which intersects the Midland Railway between Hay and Glasbury suddenly collapsed, in consequence, it is supposed, of the heavy floods and continuous rains, and a luggage train was precipitated into the water below. The engine driver was killed, and the stoker much hurt, but

the guard escaped with a severe shaking and a cut on the hand. A short time before the accident a passenger train carrying some 50 excursionists had passed over the bridge.

THE SPELLING REFORM ASSOCIATION, of which Professor Sayce is the new President, held its annual meeting on Monday; Dr. W. W. Hunter, C.I.E., in the chair. The report stated that many public lectures had been given on the subject, and that numerous suggestions had been received, tabulated and classified, so that the Committee had now before it material for the elaboration of a scheme or schemes to be submitted to the Association.

THE AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY held a meeting on Monday in the Hall of the Society of Arts, under the presidency of Mr. Lefevre, C.E. Several interesting papers were read, amongst which was one by Mr. Moy, who reviewed the capacity, as aerial motive powers, of clockwork, india-rubber, compressed air, carbonic acid gas, and steam, the last-named only being deemed practicable. Commander Cheyne, R.N. detailed his scheme for reaching the North Pole, replying to the various objections which have recently been made to it, and Messrs. Coxwell and Simmons (both practical aeronauts) supported the project. Two miniature flying machines, one weighing 1½ lbs. and the other four ounces, were exhibited by Mr. Brearley, the Secretary, and both performed passages of several yards' distance across the room.

THE EARL OF KILMORKE died on Sunday last at the age of 94, and his grandson, Francis Charles, Viscount Newry and Merton, succeeds to the title. The late Earl, who was very eccentric, will be buried in the grounds of his residence, Gordon House, Kensington, where some time ago he erected a mausoleum which is said to have cost 30,000*l.*



THERE was a pretty lively scene in the House of Commons at one o'clock on Saturday morning, when Sir Wilfrid Lawson, vanquished in sixteen fights, appeared at the table carrying the flag of victory, on which was inscribed the numbers that gave a majority to his Local Option Resolution. But the scene sinks into insignificance as compared to the spectacle presented at the same hour on Wednesday morning, when it was known that a majority had rejected Mr. Bradlaugh's claim to make affirmation. The proceedings of the night had been prolonged and dull. It is probable that from the first members had made up their minds which way they would vote, and that the flood of talk which had commenced on Monday evening might have poured itself into the sea with precisely equal effect.

Nevertheless, speeches were prepared, and speeches must be delivered. Mr. Newdegate resumed the debate in an oration of prodigious length and unfathomable solemnity. Mr. Newdegate is a man of culture and historical research. He had spent much time in reading Universal History in search of matter bearing upon the issue before the House, and he came down with a sheaf of notes the result of his labours. The House, had it been so minded, might now have had its memory refreshed with a summary of French history, more particularly bearing on the reign of the First Napoleon. There is little question that it might have been much better so employed than in listening to some of the speeches made with no closer reference to the text. But the theological faculty predominated, and Mr. Newdegate was somewhat unceremoniously ejected from the Chair of History in which he had seated himself for the benefit of hon. members. The Speaker in his most frigid manner protested that he could see no connexion between the hon. member's remarks and the motion before the House, and Mr. Newdegate sadly sat down.

He was followed by Mr. Gladstone, who, interposing unexpectedly early, found for audience only the few who had survived an hour of Mr. Newdegate's ponderous oratory. But it speedily became known that the Premier was on his feet, and the House filled with a rush. Mr. Gladstone speaks so frequently, and always at such a high level of oratorical ability, that it is difficult to institute a comparison in respect of his successive speeches. But it by common consent is agreed that he has rarely delivered a finer speech than that to which the House now listened with rapt attention. Late on Monday night Mr. Bright had fallen upon the Opposition, and harried them with fierce invective and scathing scorn. Mr. Gladstone, with truer appreciation of the force of argument, scrupulously divested himself of anything like passion. He undertook to argue the matter dryly, and although Nature has deprived him of the capacity (spread elsewhere with compensating liberality) of dealing with any matter dryly, he at least kept scrupulously within the bounds of legal and logical argument. He did not, as Mr. Bright had done, shake an angry forefinger at hon. gentlemen opposite, and remind them with bitter scorn of days gone by when they had resisted the claims of the Catholic and the Jew. But he went over the same ground, and drew a striking picture of Parliamentary purists who had given up the tests of Church, of Protestantism, and Christianity, and who made a final rally on the narrow and slippery ledge of Theism.

Mr. Gibson, Attorney-General for Ireland in the late Government, once more proved his superiority to his colleagues on the Front Bench in respect of debating ability. But the House would not stay to hear him, Mr. Gladstone having spoken, and having demonstrated with great clearness the precise ground the Government took up, it seemed that there was nothing more to be said. But of course a great deal more was said. Late at night Mr. Cohen, the newly-elected member for Southwark, provided some amusement for a wearied assembly. The matter of Mr. Cohen's speech was admirable, but his manner was well calculated to excite the hilarity of a laughter-loving House. Mr. Cohen, fresh from practice before emotional juries, brought with him all the persuasiveness of gesture and all the varieties of intonation that had won him many verdicts. But when he raised aloft his hand and violently wagged his forefinger, when he smiled with a sweet air of knowingness upon his "learned friend the member for Launceston," and, above all, when he suddenly lowered his voice to depths of most tragic bass, the House literally shrieked with laughter, the humour of the situation increasing in intensity by reason of Mr. Cohen's evident unconsciousness of the point of the joke.

Another new Member, later still, achieved even greater distinction. Sir Stafford Northcote had wound up the debate from the Front Opposition Bench, when Mr. Thorold Rogers rose with evident intention of making a speech. He had got so far in the declaration of his intention as to state that he "desired to give his reasons for his vote." For these reasons, interesting in themselves, the House protested the most absolute and most angry indifference. It shouted at the new Member with hearty accord, and Mr. Thorold Rogers, who is apparently more learned than wise, boldly accepted the challenge. He had made up his mind to speak; the House had evidently made up its mind that it would not hear him. He would see which would win. So he stood, deprecatingly shrugging his shoulders at the uproar, and attempting whenever there was anything like a lull to get in a sentence. One could gather that at least a portion of his remarks were in the Latin tongue; but, as far as they were intelligible, they might as well have been in Low Dutch. Finally, a well-meaning Member near suggested that Mr. Rogers should address the Press Gallery. The learned

Professor, quick to take the hint, and in defiance of an elementary rule of Parliamentary procedure, which requires that all speech should be addressed to the Chair, lifted up his face and roared at the reporters. At this the uproar redoubled, and Mr. Rogers gave in at last, and possibly began to be convinced that he would have done better to have given in at first.

As Members arose and mingled in the broad passage on the way to the division lobbies, it seemed as if the majority was declaring for Mr. Labouchere's motion. Up to the last moment the fullest uncertainty and anxiety prevailed. No one knew how the issue would go. No Ministerial whip was issued, and Mr. Gladstone had emphatically declared that the question was one in respect of which the Government had no responsibility, which in no wise affected their policy, and which was left to the consciences of individual members. As the fatal moment drew near the excitement intensified. Mr. Sullivan, rushing in, brought the first news of the figures. Members below the gangway on the Opposition side loudly cheered when the informal communication was made to them. When the clerk handed the paper to Mr. Winn, thus indicating that the motion had been lost, such a cheer went up from the crowded House as has not been heard in this Parliament. For what seemed an interminable time the tellers stood at the table waiting for an opportunity to speak. Cheer rung upon cheer, some Members standing up on the front Opposition Benches and waving their hats. An athletic Member below the gangway seized Mr. Sullivan, the bringer of the good tidings, and held him in a warm embrace. When it was seen that Mr. Labouchere's motion had been defeated by 275 to 230 the cheers broke forth with renewed vigour, and died away only as the thought simultaneously occurred to hon. Members that now they had vindicated Christianity it would be well to be in the first flight for cabs.

The business found a fitting conclusion on Wednesday, when Mr. Bradlaugh, in accordance with a resolution he had not disguised, presented himself, and claimed to take his seat. A débat lasting for three hours followed, Mr. Bradlaugh himself being heard to great advantage from the Bar, whence he made an eloquent speech in defence of his position. He declined to withdraw except upon compulsion, and was finally led off in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms and lodged in the Clock Tower, only seven votes being raised in protest, two hundred and seventy-four voting for the undoubted law to take its course.



THE TURF.—The chief racing this week has been at Newcastle and Stockbridge. The Northern meeting has long been one of a distinctive character, and is thought almost as much of in the extreme North as an Epsom and Ascot in the South. Indeed, the Northumberland Plate, though a handicap, has long been called "The Pitmen's Derby," so intense is the traditional interest taken in it by thousands who spend no slight portion of their lives underground. Underhand, who won the Plate in three successive years; Caller Ou, who won it twice, and many other good horses who have contended, are as familiar in their mouths as household words. But, strangely enough, the race for many years has had an unsavoury reputation. This year has hardly been an exception, but in the end more horses came to the post than at one time seemed at all likely. "A baker's dozen" faced the starter, Victor Emanuel being first favourite at 2 to 1, his partisans hardly supposing defeat possible after the home trial. He, however, could only get third, Mr. Vyner's Mycene beating Inval by a head. The performance was a good one, as the winner carried as a four-year-old 7st. 13lb., including 10lb. extra for his victory in the Great Newton Cup last week. Only a few days ago he was put down as a non-starter; and thus the poor backers have had another severe lesson added to the many already received this season.—Lord Rosebery's stud has left Russley, and is under the supervision of Constable at Newmarket, at least for the present, while the owner is abroad. His lordship and Robert Peck parted on the best of terms; and now the famous Kussley trainer will only have the Duke of Westminster's horses under his charge.

CRICKET.—Oxford and Cambridge have been playing their usual trial matches in London. Neither can be said to have greatly distinguished themselves; and, indeed, Oxford has shown but very poor form. At Lord's the Dark Blues were defeated by Middlesex by 52 runs, but at the Oval Cambridge beat Surrey with 7 wickets to fall. With the M.C.C., however, the Light Blues were not successful, being beaten by 41 runs, the excellent bowling of Morley concurring mainly to that result.—The match between Surrey and Yorkshire ended in a draw in consequence of bad weather. Jupp's 117 for Surrey will be a material help towards keeping up his "average" to that of last year. In Yorkshire's second inning Ulyett was credited with 92 (not out).—Kent has been defeated by Derbyshire, who had six wickets left; and Sussex has beaten Hampshire by ten wickets.—Nottinghamshire is again to the fore with a victory over Lancashire by five wickets. The only large score in the match was Scpton's (63) for the winning county.—The Australians continue "the conquering hero" business, their last victims being Eighteen of Birmingham and District, whom they polished off by an innings and nine runs. What a pity it seems that such cricketers as the Australians have to play week after week such poor matches against Eighteens and so forth! To some extent they have only themselves to thank; but is it too late to arrange some few first-class matches for them?

AQUATICS.—In accordance with a long-standing tradition, Henley Regatta suffered from rain, though the second day was as fine as one could wish. The water was in good order, the company was both numerous and aristocratic, and the racing was for the most part excellent. The fact, however, that the great majority of the winning boats had the Berks station again proved that this is so manifest an advantage that it is time something was done to make matters equal between the contending crews. It is time also that some better arrangements were made for the Press, that it might be able to fulfil its arduous duties in a more satisfactory manner. The good performance of the Frankfort Crew in the second heat for the Grand Challenge Cup was duly cheered, for, though beaten by the London Rowing Club, they beat the Kingston Eight. The final heat for this much-coveted prize was won by the old Leander, which has now re-established no little of its former fame. The Eton boys as usual showed for the Ladies' Plate, and at the first heat, after one of the best races, beat the Exeter College, Oxford, and the Caius College, Cambridge, winning from the former by half a length. On the second day, however, they had to succumb to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. The Stewards' Challenge Cup for Fours was taken by the Thames Rowing Club, and the Thames Challenge Cup for Eights by the London Rowing Club. The Public Schools Club at the final heat was won easily by Bedford Grammar School, which had little difficulty in beating Magdalen School, Oxford. Lowndes made short work of the Diamond Sculls, and the Regatta closed with the victory of Third Trinity, Cambridge, over Trinity Hall.—Marlow Regatta took place on the Saturday after Henley, when the Eights fell to the Thames Rowing Club, and the Senior Fours to the Bath Avon Rowing Club, which was disqualified in the Stewards' Challenge

Cup at Henley.—The great Hop Bitters Sculling Race at Providence, Rhode Island, U.S., turned out a complete surprise. It was almost taken for granted, both on this and the other side of the Atlantic, that either Boyd or Hanlan would win. The winner, however, turned up in Wallace Ross, who last year, in this country, easily beat Emmett of Jarrow. Riley was second, and Teek third. It may be remembered that the winner was easily beaten by Hanlan at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. All this makes matters look pretty lively for Trickett this autumn.

YACHTING.—The New Thames Yacht Club match for schooners and yawls, from the Lower Hope round the Mouse Lightship and back to Gravesend, came off on Saturday last, and resulted in the *Miranda* (schooner) taking the first, and the *Arethusa* (yawls) the second prize.—The 40-ton match of the Nore Yacht Club was won by Major Ewings Norman.

OTTER HUNTING.—The present, so far, has been a very good season for otter hunting. Mr. Collier's well-known pack has killed no less than twenty-one otters in twenty-three days' hunting. In the West also the Dartmoor pack, and in the North the Carlisle have done equally well. A pack of good otter hounds has always the blessing of good anglers.

POLO.—At Hurlingham on Monday last Eton was beaten by All Other Schools by two goals to one after a spirited and most evenly contested game.



THEATRES.—The French performances at the GAIETY Theatre cannot be charged with any lack of variety. The serious interest of *Frou-Frou* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur* and the classic dignity of *Phidre* have now given place to the boisterous drolleries of MM. Labiche and Delacour, and of MM. Meilhac and Halévy. In other words, Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt is gone, carrying with her the hearty good wishes of Mr. Hollingshead's patrons, as expressed in the enthusiastic demonstration which greeted her farewell performance on Saturday last; and now the entire company of the Palais Royal, that long-established home of farcical comedy, have taken possession of the same stage, where they are engaged to represent some of the most famous pieces of their *répertoire*. The selection of *La Cagnotte* for the opening performance was slightly unfortunate, for first impressions are proverbially critical, and this is certainly not the most amusing though somehow it has always ranked among the most successful of their pieces—at least with Parisian audiences. It is a wild farce in four acts after the pattern of that celebrated piece of M. Labiche, *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*—the precursor of many works of the same class. The drollery turns entirely upon the strange mishaps of a party of provincials who, finding themselves in possession of an accumulated fund of small sums forfeited at their nightly card parties, determine to spend the amount in Paris. When the authors have imagined these simple inexperienced persons ordering a dinner at an expensive restaurant, refusing to pay the extravagant bill, and being consequently taken before the Commissary of Police, it is not difficult to conceive that their wild adventures will go on increasing in intensity until the limit of five acts is exhausted. So indeed it is. The proceedings of M. Chambourci and his companions are certainly ingeniously elaborated. Nor do those amusing performers MM. Geoffroy, Lhéritier, Luguet, Madame Mathilde, and their comrades, fail to aid the author's notions with the tried and approved methods of provoking laughter on the Palais Royal stage. For ingenuity of intrigue, however, the piece is inferior to *Le Reveillon* of MM. Meilhac and Halévy, which was given on Tuesday—a piece which is familiar enough to English audiences. Since then the Palais Royal company have appeared in those amusing pieces, *La Boule* and *Gavant Minard et Cie*.

The ROYALTY Theatre has reopened under the direction of Miss Kate Lawler, a clever young actress, who was lately a member of the Gaiety company. The programme of the new management comprises two revivals, which are tolerably well performed. These are Mr. Frank Marshall's *False Shame*, a comedy in four acts, originally produced at the Globe Theatre during the reign of the late Mr. Montague some years ago; and a burlesque of *La Sonnambula*, by Mr. Byron, which was brought out at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in those early days when Mrs. Bancroft, then Miss Marie Wilton, did not disdain to devote the stage of that house to entertainments of this light and frolicsome kind. Miss Lawler takes prominent parts in both these pieces, acting, singing, and dancing with much spirit and vivacity. Among the most conspicuous members of her company are Mr. Sugden, Mr. Righton, Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. Pitt, and Miss Maude Brennen.

The representations of Dutch plays by the Rotterdam company at the IMPERIAL Theatre have been brought to a premature termination. The truth is, that the patronage bestowed upon these performances has not been sufficient to afford adequate encouragement for an enterprise which could hardly be expected to meet with any very great success. The acting of this remarkable troupe is unquestionably of a high order, and special interest attaches to their characteristic scenes of life in various parts of Holland; but though some of the qualities of acting may be appreciated without a knowledge of the language in which the dialogue is written, the study of a performance in an unknown tongue is necessarily somewhat laborious. Thus we fear that—apart from Dutch residents in London who have visited the Imperial—the audiences were limited to the curious few. The farewell performances which were given at DRURY LANE Theatre on Wednesday afternoon were somewhat more fortunate in this regard, and it is gratifying to be able to record the fact that the Dutch folk received on this occasion an enthusiastic greeting. The performances, though of a fragmentary kind, gave abundant opportunities to Mr. Van Luylen, Miss Beersmans, and Mr. Rosier Faassen, and their associates, to exhibit their pains-taking art and power of moving the feelings of an audience. If the Rotterdam company should once more honour us with a visit, it is to be hoped that they will come under more propitious circumstances. Exotic entertainments in London have, to tell the truth, been a little overdone of late.

Of the new comedy at the VAUDEVILLE, entitled *The Guv'nor*, we shall take occasion to speak next week. On Monday next *The Danites* will be transferred from SADLER'S WELLS to the GLOBE Theatre. At the former house Mrs. Bateman is preparing to revive *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with careful attention to the customary musical and scenic illustrations.

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Mr. Willing, the new lessee of this charming and popular resort, has provided an ample and varied round of entertainments which are evidently fully appreciated by the crowds of pleasure-seekers who daily congregate at Muswell Hill. Now that the fine weather has set in the "Baden-Baden Concert" is one of the most enjoyable items in the programme. It is given every Wednesday and Saturday evening in the lovely grove of chestnut, beech, and fir trees, from the boughs of which are hung large Chinese lanterns, while the paths and lawn are illuminated by myriads of coloured lamps. The other attractions, all of which can be witnessed without extra charge, are far too numerous to mention in detail, but the most notable are the Drury Lane ballet, *Les Sirènes*, Zao's graceful athletic feats upon a lofty trapeze and an invisible

wire rope, and Messrs. Myers' Circus, including the wonderful troupe of trained elephants exhibited by Mr. John Cooper, who also performs in a cage with half-a-dozen marvellously docile lions. To-day (Saturday) there is a fete in aid of the relatives of those lost in H.M.S. *Atlanta*, and amongst the prospective arrangements are a Sunday School Festival on June 28; operatic performances on two or three Saturday evenings in July; an Arctic Exhibition, commencing July 1; a Rose Show, July 10; Pedestrian Meetings on July 31 and August 2 (Bank Holiday); a Printers' Festival on August 14; and a Police Fête on August 19.



PERSIA has begun to issue post cards.

A SACRED TRILOGY ENTITLED "REDEMPTION" is being composed by M. Gounod.

A NEW OPERA BY M. OFFENBACH—*Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, is to be produced at the Paris Opéra Comique next season.

THE LITTLE STEAMSHIP "ANTHRACITE," the smallest which has ever crossed the Atlantic, has arrived safely at St. John's, Newfoundland.

AN EXPEDITION TRIP TO SPITZBERGEN is being undertaken by Mr. Leigh Smith and a party of gentlemen in the steam yacht *Eira*. The voyage is expected to extend over 18 months, and the yacht has been provisioned for two years.

THERE ARE TEN THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE NEWSPAPERS published in the United States and Canada, of which 899 are issued daily. The total circulation of a single issue of these papers amounts to 20,667,538 copies.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN—MISS HOWARD—the Paris *Temps* tells us, appears to be a successful medical practitioner in Pekin, where she has recently been appointed doctor to the Countess Li, as also to the management of a hospital established in the Chinese capital by the foreign residents.

BY THE DEATH OF M. T. M. VALLETTE, who has just died in Paris at the early age of twenty-eight, the art of wood-engraving has suffered a loss. He received a medal at the Paris Exhibition, and there is a fine interpretation of Carolus Duran's portrait of the Countess Vandal by him in this year's Salon.

PEDESTRIANISM AND DANCING are both occupations that Eastern magnates prefer doing by deputy, and some little comment has been caused in the native Indian press by the statement that when Lord Hartington was summoned to Windsor by the Queen he walked from the station to the Castle and back. Thus a Bengal native paper asks,—"What would our swells think of this? An Indian Rajah would have thought his *jat* gone if he had ventured into Government House on foot."

THE PROVERBIAL BLIND MAN'S DOG appears to be going out of fashion in Paris, to judge from the following advertisement in a French contemporary:—"A poor blind man wants an infirm woman, unable to work, and who would lead him. She would have two francs a day, without her food, or she might share his earnings; or he would be glad to meet with an afflicted little boy, from ten to twelve years old, and able to read. He desires either of these persons to address him either in — Street, or else on the Boulevard —, the places where he is always to be found."

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.—Among the many appeals for assistance towards "A Day in the Country" for London school children, that from St. Mark's, Whitechapel, is one of the most worthy of notice. St. Mark's is a very populous and very poor parish, and the parochial schools have between 600 and 700 children on the register. To assist in giving these a trip up the river to Hampton Court contributions will be most thankfully received by the Rev. G. Davenport, St. Mark's Vicarage, Whitechapel, E.; or by the Churchwardens, Mr. John Shaw, 69, Royal Mint Street, E., and Mr. Edward Olley, 11, Whitechapel High Street, E.

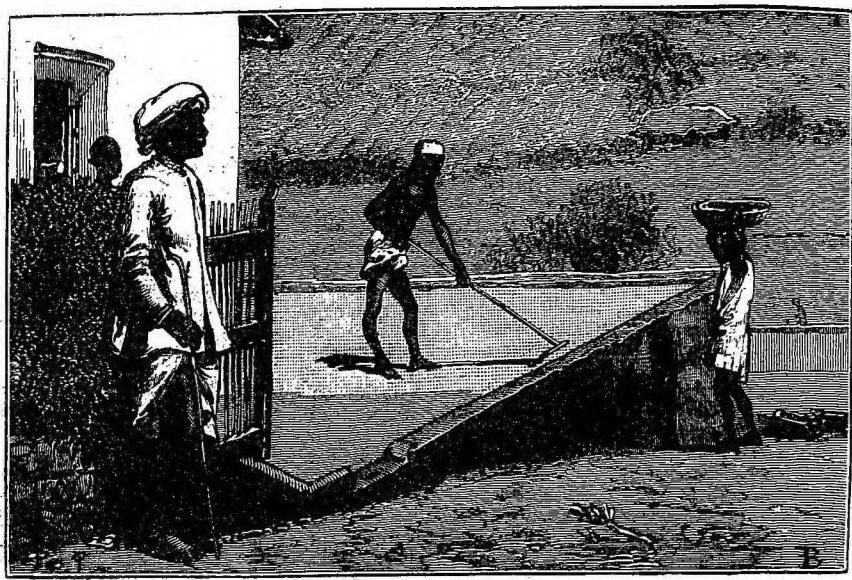
THE MEMBERS OF THE SUNDAY SOCIETY visited the "Hanover" and "Graphic" Galleries last Monday, and the public were again admitted to the Exhibition at the Albert Hall. In all 6,000 persons visited these Exhibitions. At the Hanover Gallery the greatest interest was taken in Makart's Picture of the "Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," which is shortly to be permanently placed in one of the public buildings of the City of Hamburg. It is interesting to note in connection with these Sunday Art Exhibitions that the Grosvenor Gallery was visited on the same Sunday by a distinguished company, including the Princess of Wales and her family, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the King of Greece.

ONE OF MOLIÈRE'S BONES has been discovered by Count Arthur Desaix, who has written an account of his treasure trove to the *Molièriste*. Commenting upon this fact the *Parisian* states that this probably unique bone is enclosed in a reliquary which once formed part of the Baron Denon's collection. In the same reliquary are: fragments of the bones of the Cid and of Chimène, found in their tomb at Burgos; fragments of the bones of Eloise and Abelard, taken from their tombs at Paraclet; some of Agnès Sorel's hair; part of the moustache of Henri IV, found at the time of the exhumation of the bodies of the kings of France, at Saint-Denis, &c. There is no doubt of the authenticity of these relics. Molière's bone was probably obtained in the following manner. The great writer was buried in the cemetery of Saint-Joseph in the Rue Montmartre, where the market now stands. In 1792, Molière's remains and those of La Fontaine were exhumed, and, doubtless, this moment was chosen by some fanatics to get possession of Molière's relics. Vivant Denon got a fragment of a bone, while Caillava got a tooth which he always wore mounted in a ring. Denon placed his fragment of bone in the reliquary above mentioned. At his death, in 1826, the reliquary was bought by the Count de Pourtalès, and in 1865 it again appeared in a public sale, and was bought by the Count Desaix for three hundred francs.

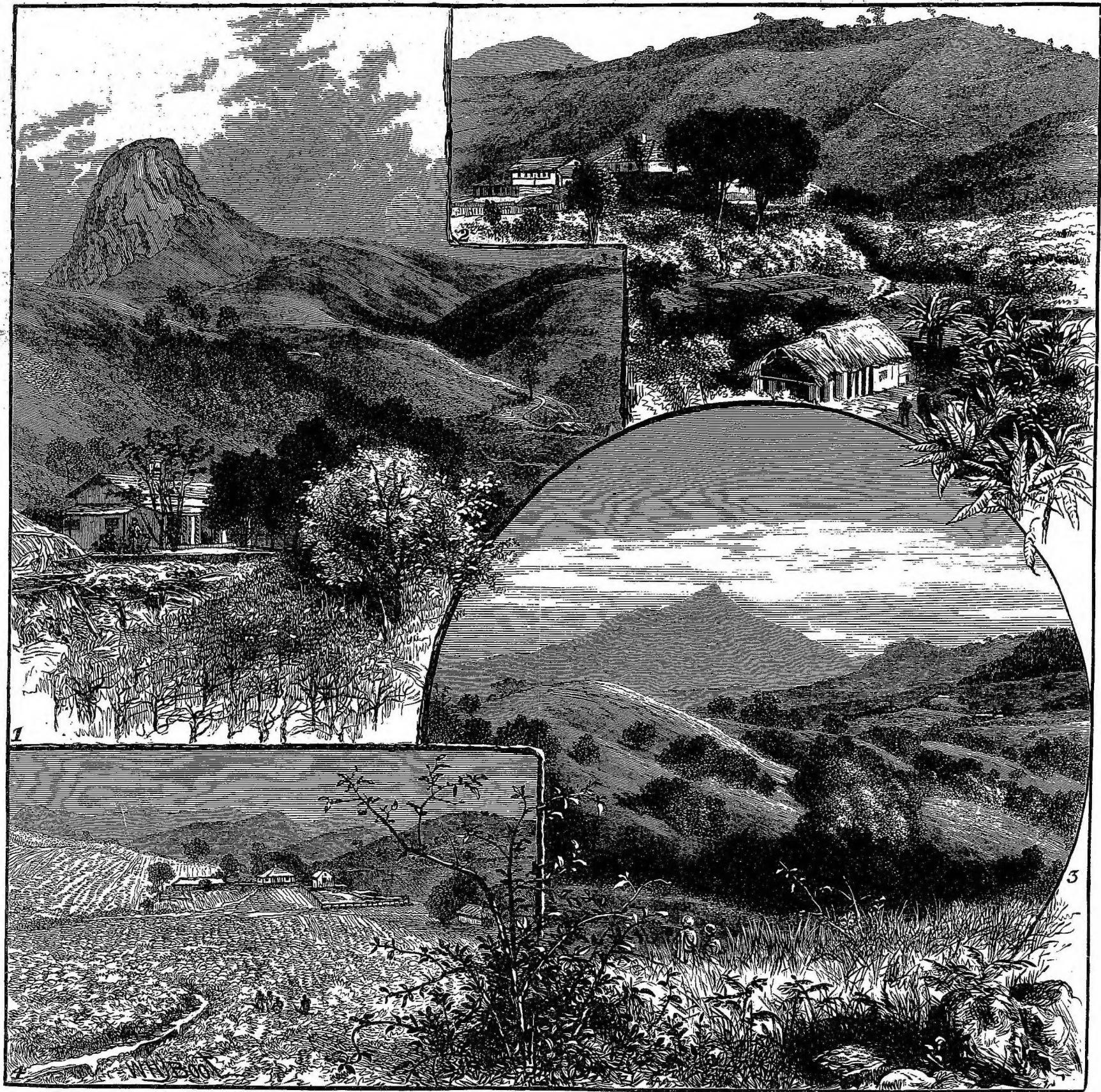
LONDON MORTALITY decreased again last week, the deaths numbering 1,243—a decrease of 51, and being 122 below the average, while the death-rate further declined to 17.7 per 1,000. There were 59 deaths from scarlet fever (a fall of 6), 56 from whooping-cough (a rise of 8), 23 from measles (a decrease of 9), 21 from diarrhoea, 14 from fever, 9 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), and 6 from small-pox (a rise of 4). There were 2,368 births registered, a decrease of 368, and 1 above the average. The mean temperature was 58.9 deg., 0.6 deg. below the average; while there were 30.9 hours of bright sunshine out of the 115.8 hours during which the sun was above the horizon. The annual report of the Registrar-General shows that the health of London is steadily improving, although the death-rate in 1879 was somewhat higher than the average during the previous nine years, being 23.3 per 1,000 as against 22.9 recorded for the average in 1871-9. The fatal cases of small-pox show a marked decrease, for whereas in 1877 there were 2,544, and in 1878 1,416, last year they only numbered 458. Altogether, the deaths of 1879 numbered 85,540, and the births 134,996—the natural increase of population being 48,556—some 131 daily, the birth-rate being 36.5 per 1,000. The greatest hygienic defect in London is still its partially polluted water supply. The mean temperature of the year was 46.2 deg., or 3.3 deg. below the average of the previous thirty-eight years, while the rainfall amounted to 31.3 inches, 6.0 inches above the average of the sixty-four preceding years.



THE VERANDAH



RICHMOND COFFEE STORE



I and 3. Views of Needle Arch Estate.—2 and 4. Views of Richmond Estate and Bungalow.
THE WYNAAD GOLD FIELDS, SOUTHERN INDIA



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDES, A.R.A.

In the evening Pastor Kreutzmann read aloud to his family.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE HERR BARON SHOWS FRAULEIN WINIFRED THE SIGHTS
OF MUNICH.

GIVEN sincerity and straightforwardness on both sides, few things in life are easier, or pleasanter, than the making of new friendships. Happily, there is a freemasonry of simplicity as well as of roguery; and honest folk, like thieves, have an instinct of mutual recognition. It is when "things are not what they seem;" when there is pretence of any kind—pretence of wealth, or position, or cleverness, or devoutness—that honesty finds itself at fault. Then, instead of a free and cordial interchange of thought, there come polite platitudes, and constraint, and mutual weariness. But there was no pretence about the Kreutzmann family. They were good, simple souls; homely, kindly, frugal, honest as the day.

By the time Winifred Savage had spent twenty-four hours under their roof, she was as much at home as if she had lived there all her life. They began by making her, as it were, free of all that was theirs. The pastor took her into his study that first morning, after breakfast; showed her his books, and invited her to borrow them when she pleased; a privilege of which she was not likely to take much advantage, seeing that they were mainly works of German theology and philosophy, with a sprinkling of Greek and Latin classics.

After this, Frau Kreutzmann conducted her over the house, displayed her stock of preserves and cheeses, unlocked her numerous presses, and with innocent pride exhibited her stores of linen, snowy-white and fragrant with lavender. Then the two girls—Kätkchen and Brenda—carried her off to the garden, the orchard, and the paddock; showed her their hen-houses and bee-hives; and introduced her to the pony, the cow, and the poultry.

Her own room was just as Lancelot had described it—one of three at the end of a corridor, commanding a wide flat landscape, bounded by a range of very distant mountains. Christine occupied the adjoining chamber on the one side, while on the other was a large empty room, capable of being converted, as Lancelot suggested, into a studio.

All this, it will be seen, was homely enough. So also were the ways of the family. They had prayers and breakfast at seven, dinner at one, supper at eight. In the morning, while her nieces did the lighter household work, Frau Kreutzmann went to market, and prepared the mid-day meal. The pastor, meanwhile, worked in his garden in summer, went out with his gun in winter, visited the sick and the poor, and looked in at the parish school-house. After dinner, when his woman-kind either sat at needlework or paid visits in the town, it

was his daily wont to repair to the Royal Library, and there (being one of the privileged few to whom those doors of learning are open after public hours) he would read till dusk; seated in his accustomed chair in his accustomed corner. In that chair, in that corner, the good man had spent his afternoons for the last twenty years, accumulating material for a learned theological work which some said would never be finished, and which others declared had never even been begun. Then in the evenings he read aloud to his family—generally some book of history or travels; and sometimes, though not often, he spent an hour at his club. Such was Winifred's new home; such the daily routine going on within its walls.

Having brought her thither, Lancelot was to go back immediately to England. That is to say, he would remain for a day or two, to see her settled, and to show her a few of the sights of Munich. The sights of Munich, however, are many, and can hardly be seen in a day or two, if one takes them seriously. There are churches old and new, paintings and sculptures, gardens, palaces, museums, and private studios without number. To talk of seeing all these in a day or two was a manifest miscalculation. That they should take a week was only to be expected. That they should even take a fortnight was not wonderful. It was not till a third week went by that the Kreutzmann family began to smile mysteriously, and to remark that it took the Herr Baron a long time to show Fraulein Winifred the lions of Munich.

"Well, well, we shall see," said Frau Kreutzmann; "but take my word for it, before he leaves, we shall have a betrothal!"

"If they are not betrothed already!" suggested Brenda.

But Kätkchen was confident that no such betrothal had as yet come to pass.

"Have you noticed how his eyes follow her when she is not looking? That is not the way that Karl Krebs looks at Marie Breitkopf. Accepted lovers are not afraid to show their love in their eyes."

"Such beautiful eyes as the Herr Baron has, too—and so expressive!" sighed Brenda; thinking, perhaps, how delightful it must be to have a lover. Above all, a lover so handsome, so noble, so everything that a lover should be!

But Frau Kreutzmann frowned, and shook her head reprovingly. No young maiden had any business to know that a gentleman's eyes were beautiful or expressive.

The "Herr Baron," meanwhile, had taken up his quarters at a hotel in the town; and although, in his character of *cicerone*, he came every morning to fetch Winifred for some excursion or other, he was careful not to intrude too frequently upon the privacy of her hosts. It was only when especially invited that he spent an evening

at the parsonage. On these occasions the girls put on their prettiest caps, and Frau Kreutzmann made an apple-kicken for supper. After supper, they generally had music. That is to say, Kätkchen and Brenda sang Bavarian national songs; accompanying themselves on the guitar and zitter; and sometimes, if a neighbour or two dropped in, they pushed aside the tables and chairs, and waltzed, as only Germans can.

Thus the days went by, and to Winifred Savage it seemed that life was an enchanted dream. The place, the people, the galleries, the palaces, the spacious modern piazzas, the picturesque old by-streets—all were new, all were delightful. A whole world of art, and beauty, and history was suddenly revealed to her. Names that till now had been only names became wondrous realities. Gods and heroes and Cæsars, immortal in precious marbles of old time, held her with their awful beauty. Vandyck, Rembrandt, Albert Dürer, each in his habit as he lived, looked at her from the canvases their own hands had painted. Rubens dazzled her with profuse and gorgeous pageantry. Titian's Charles the Fifth turned upon her that inscrutable mask which the great Emperor desired should be handed down to posterity by no other pencil. The frescoes of Cornelius, Kaulbach, Liebertz, and their school, brought before her the great, and good, and wise of all the ages. Rottmann, in colours then fresh and glowing, showed her the fairest and most famous places of the earth—Rome, Athens, Corinth, Thermopylae, the Plains of Troy, the Field of Marathon. Had she ever before realised that the Past was once the Present—that the dead once lived, and were as ourselves? Had she herself ever really lived till now?

Being, however, but a very imperfectly educated young lady, whose reading had been of the scantiest, and whose knowledge of art was chiefly derived from the Langtry family portraits, was she not in some danger of receiving too many impressions at once, and of becoming hopelessly bewildered? It was much to Lancelot Brackenbury's credit as an Art-Mentor that he foresaw this peril, and guarded against it by a judicious subdivision of his programme. He never introduced his neophyte to more than one school at a time—to-day the early German masters: to-morrow the Spaniards; yesterday, Rembrandt and the Dutchmen. The other morning was spent among Greek and Etruscan vases. Next week, they will take the Italian schools, and the sketches of the Old Masters. The Netherlands school has, of course, a day to itself; and the exhibition of modern pictures demands more than one visit. Then there are the collections of gems, medals, and engravings; to say nothing of the various halls of sculpture in the Glyptothek, the historical frescoes in the Festsaalbau, the Königsbau, &c., &c. As a system of educational sightseeing, there can be no question that Lancelot's

curriculum was very nearly perfect; but then it took a long time to carry out. That was the worst—or, possibly, the best—of it.

Then, besides pictures and sculptures, there were private studios; and the name of the private studios was legion. To these they generally went in the afternoons; as then the artists were more at leisure. Winifred, meanwhile, held to her fancy that she should like to model. With this view they went the round of most of the ateliers of sculpture in Munich; visiting, among others, the studio of a certain Herr Krüger, who was a sub-professor at the Academy of Arts, and lived not far from the Kreutzmanns, in a tumble-down farm-house on the left bank of the Isar. He was an old man who had missed success while others achieved it, and remained unknown in the days when fame and fortune were to be had in Munich almost for the seeking. Schwanthaler, and the followers of Schwanthaler, had carried off the prizes and the glory; and Krüger, a dreamer and a recluse, had been left out in the cold. He was old, and he was poor, and he eked out his scanty salary by taking pupils. The pupils met twice a week in class, and were free to work in his studio daily. Winifred took a liking to the place at first sight, and to the melancholy little old man in his shabby blouse and old black velvet cap; and so it was arranged that she should join his class immediately after Christmas.

"You will find three other ladies here," he said. "You will not be alone. But you must work. Art is a service—not a pastime. Work hard; work well; and I will give you all I know. Have you drawn much from the round?"

"I have never drawn, except a little—very little—with pencil," said Winifred, timidly.

"Nor tried your hand at the clay?"

"Never."

He looked at her doubtfully.

"You have no idea of modelling, then?" he said.

"N—no—not exactly. I have tried a little—in wax."

"In wax!" he echoed. Then, changing his tone—"Ah, well," he said, "you can but make the attempt. Only remember—you must work."

As if she had come to Munich to be idle! As if work was not the one thing upon which her mind was set!

There was no danger of her not working—after Christmas.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

EROS SPEAKS AND PALLAS LISTENS

WHILE Lancelot and Winifred were studying the Fine Arts, winter came on apace. The first snow fell; the first thin ice frosted the surface of the ponds; and pastor Kreutzmann brought out his sleigh-bells to be rubbed up and brightened.

Lancelot, meanwhile, announced his intention of staying over Christmas Day. Fancy what it would be to spend Christmas at Old Court with the bats and owls! No—he preferred to remain in Munich, and help to decorate Frau Kreutzmann's Christmas Tree.

That Christmas Tree was a great event. It occupied the thoughts and fingers of the Kreutzmann family for many a month beforehand. There was a certain drawer in one of Frau Kreutzmann's numerous presses, quite full of pretty things knitted and netted, braided and embroidered, which she and her nieces had made. For on Christmas Eve there was to be a family party at the Parsonage; and every guest, old and young, little and big, would expect to find a present on the boughs of the young fir-tree which was the hero of the evening. Then, besides this miscellaneous drawerful, they all had special gifts for each other; gifts prepared by stealth, which must on no account be seen till the evening of the "great event." So all had their secrets—innocent, loving secrets, which made them happy in the keeping, and happier still in the revealing.

And now Winifred must have her share in the mystery and add her quota to the tree; so when Lancelot came one morning, a day or two before Christmas, to take her to the Glyptotheek, she asked him to go first to the Bazaar in the Odeon's Platz, that she might "do a little shopping."

Of course, she loved shopping—what woman does not? Perhaps she even enjoyed it more than most women; for it was a pleasure of which she had hitherto known little. Besides, there is much to buy in the bazaar in the Odeon's Platz—trinkets in stag-horn and ivory, toys in carved wood, pretty things in bronze and porcelain and Bavarian glass! Delighted as a child spending its first fairing, she chose a brooch for Käthchen, a locket for Brenda, a purse for Frau Kreutzmann, a spectacle-case for the pastor, an apron for Christine . . . she would fain have bought everything in the Bazaar! As for Lancelot, he could only look on indulgently and awkwardly, as men are wont to look on under such circumstances; reminding her every now and then that the Glyptotheek closed at midday.

"I wonder what you are going to give me, Winifred?" he said, when this weighty matter was at length concluded.

"I might ask you the same question," she replied; "and I suppose I should get the same answer—nothing."

"Nay, I will not treat you so shabbily."

"Do you mean that you are going to give me a Christmas box?"

"Undoubtedly."

Then, like a true daughter of Eve, she wanted to know what this Christmas-box would be; but he very properly declined to gratify her curiosity. So, between coaxing and obduracy, they came to the doors of the Glyptotheek, which in those days were guarded by a meek giant in blue and silver. That giant was an old man then, and must be dead ere now; but he was a veritable giant, eight feet high without his shoes, and had been a soldier in his youth. He smiled down upon the new-comers benevolently. They had been there several times already; and he remembered the fair face of the lady and the florins which had found their way from the gentleman's purse to his own capacious palm. Having, on those former occasions, chiefly occupied themselves with the Roman and later Greek sculptures, they went no further to-day than the Hall of the Aeginetan marbles.

Here they found a party of English, consisting of two gentlemen and a lady—evidently passing travellers; for the men were each provided with a slung field-glass and a Murray's guide. The elder of these, who seemed to be the husband of the lady, was the critic and connoisseur of his party. He talked, and his companions listened.

"They are the most remarkable archaic sculptures extant," he was saying. "They link the beginnings of Greek Art with the period of Phidias. What you see here are the groups from the two pediments of the Temple. They were found under eight feet of soil. And see what care the soil has taken of them! They are in perfect preservation—the features as sharp, the curls as crisp, as if fresh from the hand of the sculptor! Then, as for finish—look at the extremities. Every nail, every finger-joint elaborated! Yet these figures were placed so high that all that delicate detail was out of sight. There's sincerity of treatment for you!"

"Hang me, though, if I can understand why the faces are all alike, and why they all wear the same smirk," said the younger man. "They are more like masks than faces."

"Ah, that is just it!" replied the connoisseur eagerly. "They are, in a sense, masks. That is to say, they are the faces of heroes and demi-gods—creatures of ideal valour and serenity, who smile when they slay, and when they are slain."

The lady looked as if she thought her husband infallible. But his interlocutor stared incredulously.

"You think the woodenness of these faces is intentional?"

"I mean to say that the men who modelled these figures had

passed beyond that point of archaism when 'woodenness,' as you call it, is unconscious. They had mastered truth of form and freedom of action; and I think they simply perpetuated the archaic type of face, because that type was sacred and traditional."

The younger man stroked his moustache contemplatively. "Well, you know about these things, and I suppose you are right," he said; "but it bothers me to understand why they shouldn't have done better, if they knew how."

Lancelot smiled, and was for moving to the other side of the hall; but Winifred hung back. She wanted to hear the connoisseur's reply.

"But he is a stupid prig," said Lancelot. "He is only talking for effect."

However, she lingered; and the eloquent man, seeing that he had an audience, became more eloquent.

"Look at that Minerva," he said. "Because she is a goddess, she is purposely made to look less human than the warriors. That precisely bears out my theory. And if you had a purely human warrior in the group, you may depend he would have a purely human face. What you take for 'woodenness' is calculated effect—the outcome of the highest artistic subtlety."

This was more than Lancelot could bear.

"Do come away," he whispered.

"But he talks so beautifully!" said Winifred.

"He talks the sublimest rubbish."

Lancelot hated tall talk; especially tall talk of the aesthetic sort. Above all, it irritated him that Winifred should listen to this sort of thing with admiration.

"The fellow is a prig—and a pretentious prig," he said, as he drew her away to look at the model of the Temple at the other side of the hall.

The man's pretentiousness would have amused him at any other time; but that Winifred should listen to him in that way was unendurable.

Presently this gentleman, with his wife and friend, passed out into another room.

"I wonder, now, why you are so hard upon that poor man?" said Winifred, looking after them. "He talks well."

"If you call that talking well!"

"And what he said was interesting—especially about that figure of the goddess."

"It is a puzzling statue, and it has exercised the wits of wiser critics than our declamatory friend," said Lancelot. And then he went on to explain how, notwithstanding that the whole group was undoubtedly executed at one time, the modelling of that figure was more archaic by half a century than the modelling of its fellows. The feet, for instance, are turned sideways; and in order to raise the goddess above the combatants, she is mounted on a little pedestal.

"Some regard that as a *naïve* device of early art," said Lancelot. "Others contend that the figure is meant to represent, not the goddess in person, but a statue of the goddess."

"And which are right?"

"Who shall say? I have my own notion about it—as our declamatory friend has his notion. And of course I fancy my own notion is the right one."

"What is your notion?"

"Well, I have been to Aegina; I have examined that temple; and I believe that, ancient as it is, it occupies the site of one still more ancient. It was once surrounded by a walled terrace, and the foundations of that wall are of prehistoric masonry. So, in my opinion, are the foundations of the platform on which the temple stands. Now my notion is that this statue is probably a copy of one much older, which may have stood in the *cella* (that is, the Holy of Holies) of the first temple. Hence its more archaic type. I cannot of course vouch for that first temple. It may never have existed, save in my imagination. But such is my idea."

Then he told her how, the island being volcanic, these groups were probably flung from their places by a shock of earthquake; and how they were found, broken and buried and overgrown by bushes, just where they had fallen, at each end of the building. And then he described the position of Aegina—how it lies facing the Attic coast, fair and solitary, in view of Athens and the Parthenon; mountain looking to mountain, temple to temple, with the blue sea between and the clear Greek sky above.

"It is forty years since the soil was disturbed and these figures were unearthed," he said. "And now the tamarisks and myrtles have grown again; and storks make their nests in the angles of the cornice, and goats browse in the sanctuary of the goddess."

"It must be a beautiful place!" said the girl, wistfully.

"There is not a more beautiful spot in Greece—or in the world," he said, looking at her earnestly. "Would you like to see it? I will take you there—some day."

She heard the words; but without heeding all that they implied. She was picturing to herself the scene as he described it—the solitary ruin; the placid sea; the flowering myrtles.

"Some day!" she repeated, dreamily.

He bent nearer. His breath came warm upon her cheek.

"When, dearest?" he said, passionately. "When?"

It was all over now—the suspense, the uncertainty, the silence. He loved her. He had loved her always—always—from the time when, a lad at college, he came home for his first long vacation, and was taken to call upon the ladies of The Grange. He loved her then with a boy's enthusiasm; he loved her now with a man's steadfastness. It had been his first wild dream; his one romance; the poem, the passion of his life. He never dreamed when first he saw her—nor, indeed, till long after—that she was intended for his brother. Cuthbert was of all men the most reticent; and he, Lancelot, was so many years younger than Cuthbert, that it was scarcely to be supposed the elder brother would at that time have taken the boy into his confidence. Then, when at last the knowledge came to him, it was too late. He loved her; and his love had gone too deep for cure. Yet he did what he could. He struggled with his passion as with a terrible temptation. He strove to cast it out, as though it were a deadly sin. He fled from it, as from a scathing fire. But he struggled, and strove, and fled in vain. It possessed him; it pursued him; it mastered him. Go where he would, he could not get away from it. It had become a part of himself. Not, to think of her—not to dream of her—not to long for the sound of her voice, was as impossible as to live without breathing. All he could do was to avoid her. To that sacrifice, at least, he was equal.

This was why he lived his years of Art-studentship in Paris. This was why he so rarely came home. This was why he isolated himself at Old Court. Used she to wonder why he lived so much away from father, and brother, and home? Did she lay it to his devotion to his Art? Ah! she never guessed that it was because he loved her. He kept his secret well, in those days! That he kept it so well—that he could look his brother in the face, and hear him talk of the future, and never betray himself by look or word—that was his one great contentment. He would have shot himself rather than betray that secret. Better all the anguish of silence, better all the bitterness of absence!

And then when Cuthbert was lost to them—when that great and terrible sorrow befel—still, and more than ever, he buried his secret in the depths of his heart. For he would not, he could not, believe that his brother might never come back. And were not Cuthbert's rights, and Cuthbert's happiness, and Cuthbert's honour, dearer to him than even his own?

Then, as the years went by and brought no tidings—then there

dawned upon him, little by little, the prospect of a possible future. As hope faded on the one horizon, it rose upon the other. Still he waited; still he doubted; still he held his peace. At last—
Well, she knew the rest! She knew how reluctantly he had taken his brother's name and place. But, having taken them, he seemed by that one step to have overleaped the barrier that separated their lives. From that moment, all was changed. From that moment, he put away the renunciation of years, making up his mind to remain silent only until he should have taken the oaths and succeeded to his inheritance. But to this last resolve he had not acted up. His love had been stronger than his will.

All this, hurriedly, eagerly, with the vehemence of long-suppressed passion, Lancelot Brackenbury poured out; not so much pleading his cause, as accounting for the time that was past.

"And I never betrayed myself!" he said, holding her hands fast in both his own. "My love! my darling!—in all those many years, I never betrayed myself—you never knew it!"

She was looking down; listening and trembling a little, and very pale.

"No," she said, softly. "You never betrayed yourself; but—but I think I always knew it."

"And always loved me? Ah, my sweet, say that you always loved me!"

A faint flush crossed the pallor of her cheek. She looked up. Her eyes met his as innocently as the eyes of a questioned child.

"Yes," she answered, gravely and simply. "I always loved you."

He stooped and kissed her on the lips that no man—not even his brother—had ever kissed before.

Then they talked, as lovers are wont to talk in the first hurried moments of their joy; and time passed; and the hour of closing came. The eloquent Englishman and his party, having worked round from hall to hall, emerged by way of the modern sculptures, and went out talking of Thorwaldsen's Adonis and Spalla's bust of Napoleon the First. The Art students, who were drawing in the Hall of Apollo, put away their crayons and packed up their boards and easels. The giant counted his groschen, looked at the clock, and wondered what had become of the lady in black and the gentleman who always gave him a florin. At last, when the minute and hour hands stood within a hair's-breadth of meeting, he took up his wand, and before barring the doors, went round to clear the rooms. And there he found Lancelot and Winifred still, as he in his simplicity believed, absorbed in contemplation of the Aeginetan marbles.

They had forgotten all about closing-time. They had forgotten the meek giant, and the fighting warriors with their vacant faces, and the archaic Pallas on her pedestal. What cared they now for Greek or Trojan? What to them was the slaying of Patroclus? They thought of nothing, remembered nothing, but the present rapture. The past, with its glory, its poetry, its art, was for the moment as though it had never been.

They went out, like children, hand in hand; and the goddess seemed to look after them with her stony smile—that self-same smile with which, in the foregone time, she had so often looked down upon lovers lingering within the precincts of her temple. How many a furtive-meeting had she not witnessed when the doors of the sanctuary were closed, and the priests were gone, and the evening star had risen! What vows of constancy had she not overheard—what prayers—what promises! And where are they now, those youths that wooed, those maidens that listened?

They lived, they loved, they died, they are forgotten:—that was what her cold smile seemed to say. Life is a flower that withers; Love is a breath that fails. But the sculptured marble, the chanted ode, the deathless deed, live on, and are immortal.

(To be continued)



SIR HENRY THOMPSON has two voices. With one he warns us that we eat too much flesh meat, and had far better make our hashes of three parts haricots; as he puts it, "Englishmen have adopted a diet adapted for a somewhat more northerly latitude than that which they occupy." The same voice proclaims "that the great majority will live longer and enjoy better mental and bodily health without any alcoholic drinks whatsoever." The other voice describes toothsome little dinners beginning with oysters and Chablis, and including such trying dishes as a *crème de volaille garni* and an iced *soufflé*, washed down with a glass of particularly fine ripe Corton or Pomard. The fact is, like other prudent men, Sir Henry does the best he can. The wise will eat his lentils and his haricots and his fish soups, and the *pilafus* and *risotto*s and other dainty rice-messes for which he gives recipes; and they will worry Sir W. Harcourt with deputations till London is properly supplied (or at least less disgracefully not supplied) with fresh eggs and fresh vegetables. The foolish will eat truffled fowl, and turtle soup, and drink Pomard and Curaçao; and will fall into the hands of Sir Henry and his brethren. We are getting to think as much about our eating as the Romans of Horace's day; one can fancy the delight with which friend Catius would have carried off "Food and Feeding" (Warne and Co.) to his chambers and devoured it in private. The book is a reprint, "in compliance with a very wide demand," of papers which most of us remember in the *Nineteenth Century*—papers which, no doubt, had for a time an appreciable effect on the consumption of lentils and whole-meal bread. It is full of useful hints; and its practical wisdom is shown in not aiming too high. Thus it does not say: "Don't smoke" (though smoking is pronounced "no good"). It says: "Do like most other nations, drink nothing stronger than coffee while you smoke."

"The Philosophy of Mr. Charles Dickens" (Smith and Elder) is the ambitious title which the Hon. Albert Canning gives to an analysis of Dickens's chief works, followed by a chapter on Dickens's most marked characteristics. The book is admirably suited for lectures at an Institute; it will recall the plots to those who have half forgotten them, it will incite others to read Dickens in preference to trash. But the title is surely a misnomer. That we find what we bring is, of course, always true of researches into another man's "philosophy," but Mr. Canning does not seem to bring anything in particular, except (what he insisted on so strongly in his "Philosophy of the Waverley Novels") the dictum that "far more evil has been caused to mankind by sincere religious and political fanatics than by hypocrites." We doubt it; and we are quite sure that he is wrong in thinking that our Penal Laws were due to "the firm spirit of sincere self-denying heroic intolerance." A fifth-form boy who put that in his theme would be laughed at. Mr. Canning ought to know that the Penal Laws were enacted by cold-blooded statesmen for political ends—to keep the Romanists poor and degraded. So it was with the laws against the Huguenots. Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon may have been sincere bigots; but the wire-pullers, whose ruinous folly is now patent to every one, thought they were doing a very wise and politic thing. Mr. Canning has some good remarks on the unreality of some of Dickens's characters. A Little Dorrit it is easy to imagine; but an Oliver Twist, on whom evil surroundings left no taint, is a

sore trial to one's faith. He is right, too, in pointing out that the Kentish Squire in *Pickwick* is a sham squire after all; he is "a retired Londoner living in the country, and his mother, sister, and daughter are London or suburban people, and not country gentry."

Captain H. E. Colville took three years ago such a fancy to the untravelled parts of Morocco that he determined to go again armed with some Foreign Office paper which should ensure his getting a letter from the Sultan. Meanwhile he got married, and his wife would go with him—her adventurous spirit is shown later on in "her regret that the enemy was not in sight. She was burning to let off her pistols at nobler game than empty bottles and marks on walls." Hence naturally there is a freshness about "A Ride in Petticoats and Slippers" (Sampson Low and Co.) which makes it very pleasant reading. It tells, too, of the almost unknown parts of a very little known country, and Captain Colville is careful to point out that if we let French or Spaniards snap up Tangiers we may as well turn out of Gibraltar, and also that Morocco offers an almost unopened market, and can send us the finest barley in the world at a rate which will increase our brewers' profits, while every year thousands of tons of hay go to waste which might be compressed and sent over for forage. Fraternising with the Moors unreservedly, even to the extent of letting Kaid Mohammed bel Fideel make pellets of k'skessoo and feed him with them, he (unlike Rohlf) finds them very jolly fellows. So far from being suspicious, they encourage him to draw plans, and "put things in his book." When some one asks, "Is he a Christian?" "No," indignantly replies his host, "he's an English Minister." These Moors fully appreciate the complete division between religion and politics. But how if he and his wife had fallen victims to their laudable curiosity? Should we have insisted on compensation, and gone to war to exact it?

Encouraged by the success of his manuals on farming, Mr. Ablett (throwing aside his associate, Mr. Roland) has expanded one of them into "English Trees and Tree Planting" (Smith and Elder), a volume of over 400 octavo pages. We are glad to hear that there is a "modern zeal for planting," even though it is not always according to knowledge; as at the Manchester Infirmary, where, owing to the wrong kinds having been chosen, not trees, but sickly stunted shrubs are all the eye has to rest on. They manage things better in Melbourne, where we hear of big trees along the thoroughfares, and clumps of camellias, &c., in the open spaces. Mr. Ablett not only gives the history, mode of cultivation, &c., of almost every tree that will grow in England, but he has some excellent general remarks on soil and situation, giving us Tull's theory about pulverising, and deep-digging in dry weather to *admit the dew*. Of course in such a book there must be a deal of padding, but it is of a readable kind. It is interesting to know, for instance, from Gower that the filbert (really "full-beard," from its fringed husk) was so called from Phyllis who "was shaped into a nutte tree, and after Phyllis Philberd this tree was cleped." When, however, we are told that the walnut is "the juglans, or Nut of Love of the Normans," it would be as well to add that *juglans* (probably *Jovis glans*) is good classical Latin.

It is impossible to verify 500 pages of statistics; but we take leave to doubt whether Mr. Michael Mulhall has got hold of the latest authorities when he says: "Most of Japan is held in large estates by 266 Daimios, whose incomes range from 15,000/- to 900,000/- a year." We fear the poor Daimios have to put up with very much smaller incomes and sadly diminished estates. In noticing the inalienable tenure of the Groeningen *meijers* or tenants on the old convent lands (just the tenure which would satisfy Mr. Parnell and his friends), Mr. Mulhall might have said a word about the very poor Romanist population of parts of Holland, whence was drawn most of the rank and file of the Papal army during Pio Nono's little wars. The Acheen war, too, should have been noted among the causes of the increase in Dutch expenditure. If the Dutch national income was divided, every inhabitant would get 33/- a year; in Germany he would only get 16/-—enough to account for the Dutch opposition to Bismarckian views. We have noted a slight flaw or two; but, as a whole, "The Progress of the World" (Stanford) is a wonderful compendium, and a credit both to the author and to the enterprising publisher whose name is connected with so many works of sterling value. Some of the facts are startling: thus in Ireland the marriage rate is lower than elsewhere in Europe, emigration carrying off so many young people; in Scotland the surplus of females is enormous; in Scandinavia the death-rate is the lowest in Europe, as cold and little washing and stuffy bed-cupboards were healthy after all.

Freedom of thought and speech and of public worship have been matters of very slow growth. Toleration, in its full sense, is a thing of yesterday, if not of to-day. Lord Macaulay says that under the Commonwealth the only people who understood anything about it were a few obscure Anabaptists, and what was true then continued to be true much later. How "Freedom slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent," what changes have been made in freedom of public meetings, in the liberty of the Press, in the law of libel and of copyright, is detailed, with full quotations from the proper authorities, in Mr. James Paterson's "The Liberty of the Press, Speech, and Public Worship" (Macmillan). The book forms a set of "Commentaries on the Liberty of the Subject," and is full of interest not only for the legal but for the general reader. The proverbial uncertainty of the law comes out on almost every page; everywhere we find judges reversing decisions for reasons inappreciable save to the legal mind. The state of the law of libel, for instance, seems simply chaotic, and how a libel case goes must depend to a great extent on the temper of the judge. In Charles the Second's time several judges held that the King could by proclamation shut up all the coffee-houses. Copyright was long treated as a delusion because "the paper is like the soil, and trees planted in another's land become the landowner's property." The law of Sunday entertainments bears on the question of opening museums, &c. The form of appointing Bishops is rightly characterised as one of the biggest shams the world has ever seen. The history of tithe makes it clear that that and not doctrine has been the chief cause of Dissent. Mr. Paterson comes down to as far as the "Public Worship Act"; indeed, his book is a full and learned abstract of the laws on the subjects named, of their contradictions and of their gradual modification.

"Four Centuries of English Letters" (Kegan Paul), from the period of the "Paston Letters" to the present day, and comprising selections from 150 writers, must contain a great deal of valuable matter; and in Mr. Baptiste Scoones's hands this amount reaches a maximum. He deserves great credit for his skill in selecting what will interest not only the student but the general reader. As those who have looked through a set of letters know, this is no easy task; Carlyle speaks of the good bits in such sets as "uncounted handfuls of needles to be collected from unmeasured continents of hay." As a record of the gradual changes in our language, of the perfecting of style, and the growth of naturalness this collection is valuable; for, of course, the actual English of the day shows itself more in letters than in books. The historic interest of some of Mr. Scoones's series is very great, for instance, the authoritative report of Monmouth's execution, sent by Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, to Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford. To most of them are prefixed a few lines of terse but sufficient explanation. We are glad some of poor Haydon's letters have found a place in the book. The last two are by the Prince Consort, following several of Kingsley's.

The richness of this country in treasures of Art is proverbial; but equally proverbial is the difficulty experienced by the general public in getting a sight of most of the paintings, sculptures,

carvings, gems, and prints, stored in both public and private galleries and museums. "The Great Historic Galleries of England" is an admirable work, whose object is to bring before the public, by means of large scale photography, faithful reproductions—excepting, of course, as regards colour—of the more remarkable pictures. The work is under the able editorship of Lord Ronald Gower, and is published by Messrs. S. Low and Co., in monthly parts, each containing three excellent photographs, with descriptive and historical letterpress. An *edition de luxe*, printed on large paper by a new method of autotype obviating the necessity of "mounting," is in preparation. When complete the work will form a very valuable collection. The series will include, amongst other interesting subjects, reproductions of some of the miniatures at Windsor Castle.

"Jemima," by "Adelaide" (W. B. Whittingham and Co.), is a clever story, suitable for young people. It is full of humour, of a quiet, undemonstrative, but pleasing, kind, and shows considerable insight into child-life, as well as a decided power of drawing character, old and young, which promises greater results in a work of a more ambitious nature. As a story, however, it seems incomplete. We want to know what becomes of all the people in it, and how their loves and hates terminate.

A little work that ought to meet with wide recognition is the "Précis of Official Papers" (W. H. Allen and Co.). It is a collection of terse and comprehensive abstracts of all Parliamentary returns directed to be printed by both Houses of Parliament during the Session of 1880,—i.e., up to the present time—compressed into some hundred and thirty pages. It is a capital idea, thoroughly well carried out, and we should think it must be of great use to members of both Houses, and every one having anything to do with Parliamentary affairs.

Messrs. Field and Tuer have issued a second and cheaper edition of their sumptuous volume, "Luxurious Bathing," by Andrew W. Tuer. Of course the re-issue is a very much smaller book than the original; but as regards typography and "get up" it is quite equal to it; and the new etchings, by Mr. Tristram Ellis, of Cypriot fame, are in every respect better than those which first illustrated the work, though the dull, grey tone of the paper does not enhance their effect. It is satisfactory to note that the plates, having been steel-faced, suffer scarcely any deterioration in printing. Altogether we prefer the smaller volume of the two.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

MR. FLEUSS having brought his new system of diving under the notice of the Admiralty, facilities were given him for trying his apparatus in deep water. For this purpose a steamer started from Portsmouth some days ago, having on board Admiral Ryder, under whom the intended experiments were to be carried out. A flat-bottomed diving-boat containing the whole of Mr. Fleuss's gear, under charge of the seamen, was towed behind. By some unforeseen accident this boat capsized. The two sailors, wonderful to relate, could swim, but the apparatus, fulfilling its destiny, went to the bottom. The proceedings were thus brought to an end, and were postponed until the inventor can get another coat of mail. He hopes to be ready for action in a few days, when the experiments will be renewed.

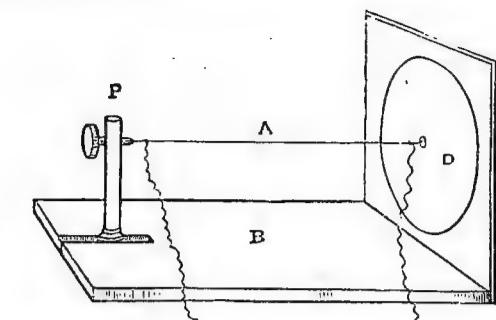
Dr. Siemens seems to be rivalling Mr. Edison in finding new applications for the electric current. In a paper lately read before the Society of Telegraphic Engineers, he described and demonstrated by experiment some of his researches. In the first place he fused a kilogramme of steel in an electric furnace. He then proceeded to describe his experiments in electro-horticulture, affirming that the light from the carbon points was capable of reproducing chlorophyll in the leaves of plants, of aiding growth generally, and hastening the ripening of fruit. These experiments agree in their results with the observations made as to the growth of plants and fruits in Northern Europe during the Arctic summer, when they are, of course, exposed to continuous light, from which it would seem that, unlike the animal creation, they require no hours of rest. Dr. Siemens intends during next winter to test his conclusions on a more elaborate scale, and for this purpose he has made suitable arrangements at his residence at Tunbridge Wells. The light is to be produced by a dynamo-electric machine driven by steam-power in the ordinary manner. And special attention is to be paid as to the influence of the various rays in promoting the formation of starch, woody fibre, and chlorophyll. For this purpose plants in a darkened room will be subjected to a species of spectrum analysis, that is to say, they will be grown under the light of different portions of the spectrum. This plan has already been tried with sunlight without giving any definite results, principally owing to the fact that the luminary will not stand still. The author of the paper briefly alluded to the electric railway recently tried at Berlin. It seems that the rails were insulated, and formed the two cables from a stationary machine which was worked by a steam engine. The locomotive, or driving carriage, contained another machine which was excited by the first, the electricity entering by one rail and returning by the other. It is suggested that this system may be available for working the line through the St. Gotthard Tunnel, the turbines which have been used during the boring operations furnishing the necessary power.

We have lately had an opportunity of witnessing some very interesting demonstrations of the efficiency of Anderson's patent batteries, which have been brought forward by Messrs. Dale and Crampton, of Little Britain. These batteries are of two forms, one requiring a single fluid, and the other two fluids. The former is in arrangement identical with the well-known bichromate cell, but it is far less variable in its action. Twenty cells gave a light quite equal to the same number of Groves, while a like number placed in circuit with a large induction coil gave equally good results. Those who have used either Grove or Bunsen cells well know the inconveniences and mess attending their use, to say nothing of the injurious fumes arising from them. The new battery cell is free from these objections, and we have no doubt that it will find favour in the hands of scientists. The other form of the battery, the double fluid cell, is also very efficient for plating and other purposes commonly performed by a Daniel battery. It is also much used by the Edison Telephone Company, for its constancy and great portability render it specially valuable for the duties required.

The *Scientific American* describes a new form of thermometer or thermoscope which depends for its action upon the variations of tint undergone by a solution of chloride of cobalt in alcohol, according to the temperature of the surrounding air. Artificial rosebuds for denoting change of weather by alteration of tint have for some time been sold in London, and they doubtless owe their power to the same agency. Mr. Woodbury, of photographic celebrity, some time ago published the details of a very pretty experiment with the same salt. He coats a piece of glass with the solution, to which has been added a small proportion of gelatine. This is dried, and is introduced into a magic lantern, together with an ordinary photographic transparency. At first the resulting picture appears upon the screen as if illuminated by a rosy sunset, but as the material warms it changes to a bright blue. In the thermoscope in question the solution of cobalt is contained in an hermetically sealed glass tube, and a kind of colour scale is attached with which its readings can be readily compared.

A new form of microphone receiver has been devised by Mr. Preece, who lately brought the matter before the Royal Society. Its action is due to the thermal effects of the electric current, as shown in the extreme rapidity with which a thin wire will acquire and lose its increased temperature, and also to the linear expansion

which a fine wire of high resistance will undergo in the process. Mr. Preece has experimented upon wires of various thicknesses and different material, and has found that a platinum wire six inches in length and 0.001 inch diameter gave the maximum effect. By this simple means clear articulation was produced. The apparatus is arranged as follows:—



A is the platinum wire, one end of which is fixed to a thin iron diaphragm. The other end is secured to a support P, which is so placed on the base board B that it can be shifted in order to give the wire A any desired degree of tension. A microphone transmitter and a battery of six bichromate cells is placed in the circuit, but in another compartment, so that the words spoken can only reach the listener through the apparatus. This arrangement certainly seems to carry simplicity to an almost ludicrous limit, and in that respect throws even Professor Hughes's microphone into the shade. We seem coming to a time when every inanimate thing will be able to reproduce articulate sounds, and when the familiar line, "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones," will possess a new meaning.

T. C. II.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

WILLIAM HENRY GRENFELL, Esq., M.P. for Salisbury (Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Charles William Grenfell, Esq., by his marriage with Georgina, daughter of the late Right Hon. W. S. Sanders Lascelles, and granddaughter of the sixth Earl of Carlisle. He was born in 1855, educated at Harrow and Oxford, and inherited the Taplow Court Estates, Buckinghamshire, on the death of his grandfather, Mr. Charles Pascoe Grenfell.

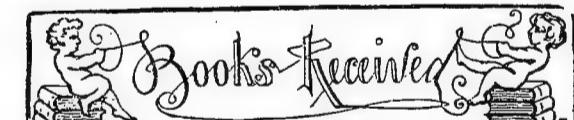
MONTAGU JOHN GUEST, Esq., M.P. for Wareham (Liberal), is the third son of Sir Josiah J. Guest and Lady Charlotte Elizabeth, daughter of the ninth Earl of Lindsey. He was born in 1839, educated at Harrow, served for some time in the Rifle Brigade, and is now a Lieutenant in the Dorsetshire Yeomanry. He is a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Dorsetshire, and also a Magistrate for Middlesex, and was M.P. for Youghal from 1869 to 1874.

JOHN SLAGG, Esq., M.P. for Manchester (Advanced Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Mr. John Slagg of Manchester, where he is in business as a merchant, and is Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce. He was educated at Worksop, King's College, London, and Owens College, Manchester. Mr. Slagg has devoted much time to the study of chemistry and to microscopical investigation, and is also an ardent and active politician, having frequently delivered public lectures and addresses on political topics. In 1876 he helped to reorganise the National Reform Union, and was Chairman of its Executive Committee for a period of three years.

TIMOTHY DANIEL SULLIVAN, Esq., M.P. for Westmeath (Home Ruler and Irish Nationalist), is the eldest son of Mr. D. Sullivan of Dublin. He was born in 1827, educated at Bantry, adopted the profession of journalist, and is now the editor and proprietor of the *Nation*, the *Weekly News*, and *Young Ireland*. He has long been an active member of the Irish party, and is a member of the Councils of the Home Rule League and the Irish National Land League.

Our portraits are from photographs: Mr. Grenfell by C. J. Wittcomb, 10, Catherine Street, Salisbury; Mr. Guest by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside; Mr. Slagg by F. Baum, Victoria Buildings, Manchester; and Mr. Sullivan by M. Allen and Co., 12, Westland Row, Dublin.

NOTE.—Mr. Frederick Thorpe Mappin, M.P., whose portrait appeared in our issue of the 12th inst., informs us that he ceased to belong to the firm of cutlers of that name some twenty years ago, and is now head of the firm of Thomas Turton and Sons, Sheffield, who are makers of all kinds of steel and iron materials used by railways.



Pope (English Men of Letters): Leslie Stephen. Macmillan.
The Burtons of Dunroe (3 vols.): M. W. Brede; The Fair-haired Alda (3 vols.): Florence Marryat; Red and Black: F. Edwardes-Trevor. S. Tinsley and Co.

Alan Dering (2 vols.): Hon. Mrs. Featherstonhaugh. R. Bentley and Son.

Grisel Romney (2 vols.): M. E. Fraser-Tytler. Marcus Ward and Co.

My Only Love (3 vols.): E. Ayler Blake. Remington.

Sigñor Mondidine's Niece. W. H. Allen and Co.

A Modern Greek Heroine (2 vols.): Tales of Our Great Families (2 vols.): Second Series: Edward Walford, M.A. Hurst and Blackett.

The Works of Bret Harte, Vol. I. (Poems and Dramas). Chatto and Windus.

God's Acre Beautiful: W. Robinson, F.L.S. Garden Office.

Indian Notes: F. R. Hogg, M.D. J. and A. Churchill.

Arboriculture for Amateurs: W. H. Ablett. Bazaar Office.

A Guide to the Law (23rd Edition), by a Barrister. Stevens and Sons.

Caroline Von Linsingen and William IV.: Theophilus G. Arundel. W. Swan Sonnenchein and Allen.

Curiosities of the Search Room: Author of "Flemish Interiors." Chapman and Hall.

The Songs of Mirza-Schaffy: F. Bodenstedt, Trans. by E. D'Esterre. Karl Grädener, Hamburg.

Fanny—Poems and Sonnets: Claude Duval. A. Heywood and Son, Manchester.

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TRAVELLING STONES, the *American Architect* tells us, similar to those reported to exist in Australia, have recently been found in Nevada. They are described as almost perfectly round, most of them being as large as a walnut, and of an irony nature. When scattered about upon the floor, table, or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they begin travelling towards a common centre, and there lie huddled like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once starts off with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity to join its fellows; taken away four or five feet it remains motionless. They are found in a region that is comparatively level, and is nothing but bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter; and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be loadstone or magnetic iron ore.



AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"MATRIMONIAL BONDS," by Florian (J. and R. Maxwell).—The preface should be sufficient to condemn this book; we are told that it is not a story "of good boys and girls," but of imperfect men and women who were drawn into complications, from which the weakness of their nature prevented them extricating themselves. It seems to us that with few exceptions the men and women here described by "Florian" made little or no attempt to save themselves from sins which the authoress regards as trivial. They courted temptation, and when wooed, fell. The object of the book apparently is to induce people to rally round the author in an endeavour to loosen the matrimonial bonds of those who find the marriage state thralldom. For ourselves we trust and believe that the day is far distant when "Florian's" views will be consummated.

"Very Gentle," by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal" (Griffiths and Farran).—This work was evidently written with the object of teaching wives of young tradesmen that there is nothing *infra dig* in their occasionally standing behind the counter to assist their husbands, at the same time it points out the danger that the more volatile of this class run, when they aspire to move in circles above them. Lettice Tippington, the giddy young wife of a very priggish young bookseller, is scarcely the character we should have chosen as the heroine of a story, though we must own to having met many Lettices in our lives. There is a great deal of good sound advice in "Very Gentle," which may be of advantage to the class to whom it is addressed. The moral of the book may be summed up in that well-worn sentence of the Church Catechism which warns us all to do our duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to place us. Young people whose lines are laid behind the counter will find "Very Gentle" an entertaining and instructive book.

"Cross Purposes," by Cecilia Findlay (Marcus Ward and Co.).—This is a peculiarly charming work, written with a grace and freshness which reminds us of that unapproachable book for the young—"Ministering Children." Elsie Bertram is an angel in the household; though filling the very commonplace situation of companion to an only daughter, she contrives to convey to her new home all those qualities which rendered her such a loving sister, such a faithful daughter in her old, and we are not surprised that she wins the affection and regard of all with whom she is thrown into contact. Elsie is a noble character, but there are others in the book whose qualities are only slightly inferior to her own. Miss Findlay has succeeded in writing a novel devoid of all sensationalism, yet full of interest, without one word in it that could sully the purest mind; and though she has introduced many characters, she has drawn them all true to nature, and made them all gentlemen and gentlemen in the highest sense of the word. Though intended for the young, "Cross Purposes" will be found to contain much that will interest older readers.

"The Red Cross," by E. J. Fellowes (Samuel Tinsley and Co.).—This is a story of the Franco-German War, and describes with much cleverness the love affairs of a German Red Cross Knight and a French damsel, in whose father's house he happens to be quartered. By a curious coincidence, allowable in a novel, the wounded brother of the demoiselle is released on parole from a German hospital, and is taken care of by the relatives of his sister's lover. The agony of the parents, who are staunch patriots, at these illicit loves of their children is very well told; naturally all closes well, and Madame Blanchard, who hates a German as Nelson hated Frenchmen, finds her son and daughter both married into that noxious race. Though possessing no very great artistic merit, "The Red Cross" is a novel of some pretensions, and is worth reading.

"Pipistrello," by Ouida (Chatto and Windus).—This is a collection of stories of very doubtful morality, which have appeared from time to time in the pages of English and foreign periodicals. They are written with all the power and beauty of which the gifted authoress is capable; but there is nothing pure or holy in such beauty—it repels rather than attracts. "Pipistrello" will find many readers; but none will rise from its perusal benefited in the smallest degree.

"Under the Rose," by Mrs. Herbert Davy (S. Tinsley).—We must confess to a feeling of genuine disappointment as we close this book. We candidly own to having considered the authoress guilty of no small amount of presumption in styling her own work a "Prose Idyl," and were consequently prepared to reward such conduct with scathing criticism. We were mistaken. No better words can be found to describe the book—it is in very truth a Prose Idyl, the work of a gentlewoman who has the soul of a poet and the refinement of genius. The opening chapters, describing the last days of the faithful old huntsman, are full of pathos; the scene by the death-bed, where the daughter of the old Squire scatters flowers with tender and reverent hands over the body of the loved servant who had been, as it were, more a friend than a dependant, is peculiarly touching. It needs no more than this scene to show us that the huntsman's son and the Squire's daughter are to form the central figures round which the other characters in the book shall group themselves. Difficult as such a situation must be to an author, Mrs. Herbert Davy has shown consummate skill in weaving round these two a story which is at once touching yet amusing. There is perhaps too strong a vein of sadness pervading the work, but this is acceptable to many; and these will be more than satisfied as they close the book to learn that all obstacles to the union of the young couple are removed. Mrs. Davy deserves our warmest thanks, not only for having given us a most admirable novel, but also for the courage she has shown in curtailing her work to a single volume. A pleasanter companion for a railway or yachting journey than "Under a Rose" we cannot conceive. It is impossible to find any fault with it.

THE ORNITHOLOGICAL CALENDAR

AMONG some of the nations of antiquity, more especially the Arabs and Persians, it was customary to mark the passage of time by the movements of birds. Thus the moment when the rose thickets of Bendemeer began to throb with the low gurgle of the nightingale, and the wild cry of the stork, as it winged its way far out of sight in the sky, fixed the date of a festival in honour of spring's return. The Egyptian revered the ibis with its crescent beak as the emblem of the moon; but he loved it, as the Arab still does, under its title of "father of the sickle," because it comes down with the swelling stream which brings its rich tribute to the Khedive, as it once did to Pharaoh. So, too, in a far different land, the coming of the Canadian partridge gladdens the backwoodsman's heart with the promise that the frost-bound earth is about to yield to the sun's warmth. The arrival of our own foreign visitors—happier than some guests in being always welcome—is dependent in some degree upon weather. They may be windbound, or tarry in sunnier climes till tardy winter has departed, unlocking their stores of food. But when it is only a home migration, and they are masters of the circumstances, they come to a day, or rather to a night, for they prefer to travel by night. So extraordinary, for instance, is the punctuality with which sea-birds reassemble in their accustomed breeding places that the lonely watchers of the sea listen with confidence for their welcome cry as soon as the hour of their appointed arrival has struck. The date of their departure is less precise, for it

is liable to be interfered with by family cares, though—so uncontrollable is the impulse of migration—parents have been known to desert an unfledged nursery sooner than remain behind their fellows. It is the harbingers of spring that are most dear to us. They come to tell us that the night of our dreary winter is well-nigh spent. One swallow does not make a spring, but it keeps hope alive. In the gladness of our heart we extend our sympathies even to the cuckoo. Flaunting his blue coat and dappled vest against our sombre sky, a greedy, spiteful child he is—too often guilty of fratricide—a flippant youth, and an idle, ne'er-do-well bridegroom, despising the joys of wedded love, with nothing to recommend him but his false mellow voice, nourished on stolen delicacies. If then, we hearken to him with delight, it is because he bids us come out into the green fields, and hear the plane tree whispering to the elm, and see the grass wave softly as the west wind steals over it. The corn crake, again, has no sweeter music to offer us—so unbelievers say—that you may make by drawing a horsehair across a shin-bone. Yet we like to think of him gliding with his sinuous gait through the dewy meadow grass as he collects his breakfast of juicy snails on a June morning.

A great mystery is that of migration, and many an instructive lesson we shall learn when by patient study we can spell our way a little further into Nature's book. Why it is our feathered friends leave a congenial clime where food is ever plentiful to visit our churlish shores we cannot say. Nor while they consent to come will we be too curious to inquire. A wide experience is the house martin conning over as she sits in her mud cabin under the eaves of some stay-at-home Briton. She has seen strange sights in her three days' journey from Central Africa to England. A few weeks ago she was hawking flies over the swamps of the West Coast; and yet the nest in which she is sitting was built last year by herself and her mate, and only required a few feathers by way of furnishing. A careful observer of Nature may note the change of season from the first swallow that comes, if the weather be reasonable, soon after Lady Day, till, hearing the fieldfares chatter, he knows that Michaelmas is at hand. Indeed, no sooner has the new year dawned than we begin to catch the first notes of the far-off spring. The missel-thrush pours out his rich melody amid the wild swirl of the January gale, as he sways to and fro on some lofty bough, making good his claim to the *sobriquet* of "storm cock" as he pits his sturdy voice against Nature's turmoil. Next the rooks in chattering conclave begin to take stock of their old nests, adding a patch here and there to tide them over the rough weather. A thrifty race they are, though their extravagance in raw material led the miserly Elves to rob them for fire-wood. Soon in the hedges that bound the cornfields the yellow hammer begins to swell his orange throat, as he jerks out his ditty about "bread and cheese;" and the woodpecker, with his wild laugh, reminds us of his nickname "yaffle." When first the horse-chestnut begins to make a screen from curious eyes, shooting up its pyramids of flower, and unfolding its clammy buds, the ring dove knows that winter is over. And here through the livelong day, sleeking out his neck, he will woo his mate, discreet of dress as a quakeress; and later on, like a faithful partner, he will aid her in her domestic duties. Beneath their chosen eyrie the green linnets flit about among the garden shrubs in search of a nesting-place, and the goldfinch wakes up from his wintry silence. But the cheeriest sound of all from the neighbouring coppices is the ringing crow of the pheasant, and the defiant flap of his wings audible through the clear March air.

Then when the sun begins to gather strength, and warms the insect world into life, comes the demure martin and the swallow, still condemned to wear upon her throat the blood stain which perpetuates her guilt. But not till the first warble of her sister Philomel is heard, striking her fellow-songsters with despair, does spring clothe herself in full glory. The nightingale—most honoured of our guests—arrives late; and when our familiar little friend, the fly-catcher, has put in its appearance, it is time to close the summer visitors' book.

May, with its wealth of blossom, is vocal, too, through every hour; but before June is out the nightingale is hushed, and the cuckoo's voice gives sign that he has tried his throat enough. Several of our warblers prolong the concert into July, and a few to a still later period. But the arrival of "mute August" bids us prepare for the still days of autumn, cheered only by a note or two from the redbreast and the wren.

There are, indeed, a few friends who kindly spend their winter with us. But the days of the declining year see more departures than arrivals; and before the redwings and woodcocks land, in the early days of October, the summer tourists are gone. The nightingale only stays till his family is settled in the world, the cuckoo will scarce see August out, the swifts hurry away some weeks before, and their kinsmen the swallows seem nervous about waiting for chill October. It is a melancholy sight to see our sprightly friends collecting in dense masses on roof and tree, anxious and preoccupied about the coming change. Then when they have called in their stragglers, and exercised their late nestlings for the voyage, they leave us. But they leave us with the pleasant reflection that though thousands of miles of sea and land may part us, they will return to gladden us in their appointed season.

THE NATURAL IN DRAMATIC ART

IT is a primary article of faith with the "rising" young men of the day, more especially with youthful critics just fresh from College, that, at least since *Anno Domini*, there has never been anything natural, not only in Art, but in human nature, until the nineteenth century was on the wrong side of fifty.

We have pre-Raphaelism in Art, and very beautiful it is sometimes, we have Wagnerism in music, and there is much to be said in its favour; and we have Realism upon the stage, and very refreshing that is after the stilts and bombast of a generation ago; but when the enthusiasts protest that all the mighty names in music and Art that we were taught to reverence in our boyhood were shams, only those of poor people groping for light in the obscurity of ignorance, or that the perfection of acting consists in gracefully resting your hands in your trouser-pockets, lolling against a mantelpiece, sitting upon a table, and in a general air of vapidity indicative of water in the blood, it is claiming too much for modern revelation.

To confine our remarks to acting, such a mode is suitable enough for the portrayal of the young men of the present day, who are much given to lounging and leaning, to whom, in general, trousers pockets are an indispensable comfort, without which hands would be rather an incumbrance than otherwise, and whose normal condition is inclined to be vapid and waterish. But how about the somewhat priggish and formal young man of the last generation, the bucks and bloods of our grandfathers' and great-grandfather's time, the fops and beaux of the old *régime*—and the fiery youth of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with whom it was a word and sword thrust? Actors are called upon to reproduce all these differing types of humanity, but is it Art, or, to use the favourite cant phrase, is it natural, to recast them all in the nineteenth-century mould, only to be distinguished like "the portrait models" of a waxwork exhibition, or the lay figures of an artist's studio, which are monarchs, or peasants, philanthropists, or murderers, priests, or brigands, as their costume is shifted?

A critic, in his remarks upon the performance of *Money* at the Haymarket, highly eulogised certain of the actors for having striven to divest the characters of their old-fashioned aspect; that is to say, for having been false to the author's conception and meaning. The

Evelyn of Lord Lytton is as far removed from the heroes of *Ours* and *Caste* as he was from those of the *School for Scandal* and the *Heir at Law*. No actor can render the language put into his mouth natural—according to our standard; the flippant mumble of the present day is totally unsuited to those sententious phrases which, instead of appearing more natural by the change, become more stilted and thoroughly incongruous.

Probably a reproduction of the exact manner in which it was performed by Macready would scarcely be acceptable to modern taste; but there is always a golden mean between the style of a past age and the fashion of the present; in which, while indicating the peculiar features of a bygone generation, it touches them too lightly and delicately to bring what is absurd into prominence.

A skilful portrait painter will always take the best expression of a face, he will make the most of its good points, and slur over the bad, he will not bring a wart on the nose into equal prominence with a dimple in the chin, and yet he will make a perfectly true likeness, in all its essential features. So, without adopting the black satin stock, high shirt collar, and measured delivery of a Macready, it should be no difficulty to an artist to render such a character as Evelyn perfectly natural, without attempting to confound him with the Jack Wyatts and Angus M'Allisters of modern comedy. These remarks are not intended to be personal, but the example is fresh in every playgoer's memory, and is a peculiarly apt illustration of my meaning. Most playgoers will remember Mr. Coghlan's splendid rendering of the character, which, although it departed entirely from the old lines, by its fire and intensity rose to a place among those living conceptions that, in being true to the eternal emotions of the human soul, are true to the humanity of all ages and all countries.

A man is more the child of his age than of his father and mother, says an Eastern proverb; human nature in many of its outward aspects and modes of expression is ever changing; as we advance in civilisation we become more reticent and subdued, more apt to make speech the mask of our thoughts rather than their exposure. Men, as far back as we have any record of them, have been always actuated by the same passions, but as manners become more refined, those passions become less fierce, and, above all, less strongly expressed; yet a man of the present day might feel all the tormenting jealousy of an Othello, or all the burning love of a Romeo, but it would be very unlikely that he would express it with the fury of the one or the fervour of the other; attempt to modernise either, and how absurd does it become! But there were Othellos and Romeos in Shakespeare's time, and men raved and stormed, and were not ashamed to make love as though they meant it, and conducted themselves under the influence of passion in a way that would appear very shocking and very ridiculous to the polite society of this age. Therefore, to play Othello as a gentleman given to strong language, but of anything rather than of a revengeful disposition, or Romeo as a spooney young man who ordinarily wore a stovepipe hat and an eyeglass, but who had for an occasion taken it into his head to masquerade in doublet and hose, in fine, to be Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown reading Shakespear in costume, to suit the tastes of a drawing-room, is not acting at all.

We regard the formal, ceremonious manners of the last century as artificial and affected, but could some of the old gentlemen who passed away a century ago return within the glimpses of the moon it is very probable that they would return the compliment. What would the hot-blooded Elizabethan say to our suppressions and conventionalisms? would they appear natural to him? Therefore, as the actor has chiefly to do with those outward aspects of our nature, if he be a true artist he will endeavour to reproduce them in conformity with such conditions. He will deliver the blank verse of Shakespeare without mouthing, but with something of the force and dignity and the measured elocution that marked the speech of a chivalrous and high-souled age, and he will not attempt to picture the rattle-brained young fellow of the last century, full of life and spirits, and with an intensely animal enjoyment of mere existence, under the guise of a dyspeptic *blast* young gentleman of the Victorian era, ever chanting the *Vanitas Vanitatibus* of the preacher, with his mouth full of the ashes of exhausted pleasures.

Yet the public, and the critics as well, seem to approve of this mode of so-called natural representation, which might be more properly called masquerading, since the dress alone indicates the character and the age, and the actor who attempts to realise a dramatic conception after a more robust model is in danger of being sneered at by the one and condemned by the other.

H. BARTON BAKER



MALT AND BARLEY.—On the second reading of the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, Mr. Chaplin will move "That whereas there is now and has been for years a duty upon malt imported into this country, this House considers that a corresponding duty should be imposed upon barley imported for malting purposes in future; and while it cordially approves of the repeal of the Malt Tax, it is of opinion that some proportion of the revenue now to be raised by a tax upon beer, and the whole of the revenue now to be raised by an additional tax upon incomes, would have been raised with greater advantage by a tax upon foreign barley and foreign corn other than wheat at a time of general agricultural and commercial distress like the present." Even those who do not concur in Mr. Chaplin's proposals will thank him for ventilating a subject of so great importance to farmers and country dwellers in general.

AUSTRALIAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.—An attempt will shortly be made to ship Australian horses for the English market. The Australian horses are said to be good hunters, and easily broken in. On the other hand they are generally of uncertain temper. The high prices realised in India have encouraged this enterprise, but the difference in the length of voyage and cost of keep has to be considered.

SHEEP FEEDING.—To feed sheep with artificial food at the time when they are on grass seems a wasteful system, nevertheless it has its advocates. At this season of the year, so they tell us, a sheep will make upwards of 2 lbs. of increase in live weight on the same food which would do no more than keep them in a stationary condition in the depth of winter. The reason of this is that heat being equivalent to food comparatively little of the constituent elements of the produce are at present absorbed in maintaining the vital functions of the animal, whereas in winter most of these elements are so absorbed.

BEE-KEEPING.—An interesting meeting on this subject was recently held at Chelsfield in Kent, Mr. W. Waring in the chair. Mr. Waring spoke of the decline in bee-keeping among the cottagers during the last twenty years, and strongly advocated its revival under improved methods. Mr. Garratt explained a variety of new apparatus, including wooden bar frame hives, American wax foundations for ensuring the building of straight combs and the prevention of excessive drone breeding, honey slinger wheels (the pure honey is extracted without destroying the comb), perforated zinc queen and drone excluder, for preventing the queen's access to the honey department; and other useful appliances of scientific apiculture. A list of prizes was announced for the Bee-Keepers'

Exhibition at St. Mary's Cray, and the date of the show was fixed for 5th of August next. Mr. Waring received a vote of thanks for presiding, and in reply announced that he would purchase a hive with all scientific improvements, in order that his neighbours and tenants might have model and see how the improvements worked.

FORTHCOMING SHOWS.—The Darlington Horse and Dog Show is fixed for July 29th and 30th; entries close on July 5. The Hull Horse Show will take place on July 27th, 28th, and 29th. The Buxton Horse Show will take place on August 18th; entries close on August 4th. The Winton Horse and Dog Show is fixed for July 6th; the Barnstaple Horse and Hound Show for July 7th; the Cleckheaton Agricultural Show for July 24th; the Thornton Agricultural Show for July 31st. The Northumberland Agricultural Society have a show on July 21st and 22nd at Newcastle; entries are closed. The Nottingham Show of Live Stock, Poultry, and Animals is fixed for July 1st, 2nd, and 3rd; entries are closed. The Gloucestershire Agricultural Show is fixed for July 27th, 28th, and 29th; entries are closed.

THE PRESERVES IN RICHMOND PARK.—The recent enclosures have greatly facilitated the preservation of game, and the process of hatching pheasants' eggs under domestic fowls has proved very favourable this season.

ANGLING.—The fence period for coarse fish terminated at sunset on the 15th June. It is often supposed by anglers that fishing can recommence on the 15th; but the Act of Parliament makes the fence period from "the 15th of March to the 15th of June, both

GROUND FRUIT AND INSECTS.—It is complained, in *Pulman's Weekly News*, that the ground-fruit in South-west England is seriously attacked by the gooseberry grub (*Nematus ventricosus*). This insect is stated to be the larval stage of a sawfly. It is of a glaucous green, dotted with numerous warty-looking black spots. Both currant and gooseberry bushes are in many places covered with these destructive larvae. Under these circumstances it is unsatisfactory that our Western contemporary can only recommend the tedious process of hand-picking.

AGRICULTURAL LECTURES.—The Central Chamber of Agriculture have resolved to petition the Government to continue the South Kensington Lectures on Agriculture to instructors in the science and practice of that art. We hope that false economy will not be applied in a case where material advantages come from a small outlay.

COUNTRY SCHOOL BOARDS.—Dwellers in rural districts will generally rejoice over Lord Norton's successful attack on a new educational code, encouraging the retention of children at Board Schools up to eighteen years of age, and introducing French, German, Latin, Greek, and Animal Physiology among the subjects of primary (!) education. School Board rates in country districts are high enough already, when 134 parishes pay 1s. in the pound, and 9d. is quite an ordinary rate. Mr. Forster, let it be remembered, got his Bill passed on the understanding that the rates would never exceed 3d. in the pound.

CATTLE AND POISONOUS HERBS.—Some alarm is being caused to farmers in Derbyshire by the number of cattle-poisoning cases recently recorded. Seven cows have died at Yackworth, and an examination of the bodies has disclosed that they were poisoned through eating hound's-tongue and other noxious herbs. At Breadsall four cows have died, and the eating of foxglove has been discovered to be the cause of death. Herbs and weeds are very fruitful, and more occurrences of this sort are apprehended.

THE CROPS.—A Cheshire agriculturist writes that his first wheat-ear this year came out on the 11th of June, last year on the 21st of June, in 1878 on the 8th of June. Although a good colour, he fears the thinness of the plant will prevent there being an average crop. Oats and barley promise well, despite weeds and wireworm. Turnips are likely to be a good crop. Mangolds also promise satisfactorily. Caterpillars and grubs are prevalent. With the exception of wheat, this Cheshire report seems a fair epitome of farmers' prospects throughout the country.

A NEW USE FOR MAIZE.—Is there any truth in the statement recently put forward, that better beer can be brewed from maize flour, properly treated before use, with an intermixture of malted grain and moist sugar, than results from the use of malt alone?

POTATOES.—The Select Committee sitting on the subject of Potato Disease do not seem to make much headway. That great caution should be shown in the selection of seed potatoes is good advice, but it is advice which appeared in these—and other—columns even before the Committee began to sit. The opinion that the soil is of material consequence, and that its quality should be studied, likewise seems sound; but we can imagine farmers arriving at this conclusion without the aid of a Select Committee. That the Government should aid local societies by grants for the encouragement of good cultivation is, however, a recommendation for which the Committee may deserve some thanks.

CIRENCESTER AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—The Committee of Management have just established two scholarships of 25*l.* and 10*l.* respectively, to be open to all students of the College, and to be awarded three times every year, in accordance with the results of the sessional examinations. No change will be made in the other prizes.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.—The Report of Messrs. Read and Pell is now printed, though not, we fancy, as yet issued to the public. We hope the Agricultural Commission will ponder its conclusions, especially as regards American competition with wheat-growing in the United Kingdom.



B. WILLIAMS.—A pleasant love ditty of medium compass is "Katie's Dream," words and music by L. Williams.—Dramatic words and music are united in "The Last Cruise," a tale of a pirate, written and composed by E. Oxenford and Henry Pontet.—Stephen Jarvis has taken a rest, to judge by "Pensées Musicales," a series of original pieces for the pianoforte, which have recently appeared, and show the good result of his pausing awhile. These six pieces display more than ordinary merit and taste:—No. I., "Morceau Giojoso," is bright and cheerful; No. II., "Improviso," a dreamy and flowing melody; Nos. III. and V., "The Brooklet" and "Lullaby," are two charming pieces to be learned by heart; Nos. IV. and VI., "Danse Rustique," a blithesome tune, sure to catch the ear, and a quaint "Minuetto."—Brilliant and well written is "The Watch March," by Michael Watson, who has composed it for the pianoforte, but will do well to score it for a military band.—Of a very feeble type, which we should not have expected from so clever a composer as Carl Hause, is "Ejou Polka." He had better for the future refrain from writing dance music.

MESSRS. NEUMEYER AND CO.—"Summer," three vocal quartets by II. Hofmann, the English version by Clara Ascroft, are decidedly clever, and worth the trouble of learning, albeit they are somewhat difficult.—Six more of "The Celebrated Hungarian Dances," transcribed for the pianoforte by Imre Alsföldy, bear witness to the patience and diligence of the transcriber; but there is

so great a sameness in these melodies that we are fain to cry, "Hold, enough.—Charles Morley has done well for the school-room with three pianoforte pieces entitled respectively "Vöglen Libesgruss," "Fröhlings Ankunft," and "Gondoliera;" the last is the prettiest of the group.—Clever but dry is "Rhapsodie Ecossaise," by A. C. Mackenzie, for the pianoforte.—Precisely the same may be said of "Marche Pompeuse," by R. Beringer.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—The current number of "Novello's Original Octavo Edition" is "Mozart's Communion Service in B flat," a grand work which is well worthy of the amount of study needful to do it justice, and should only be undertaken by experienced soloists and choristers, revised by J. B. Powell; the pianoforte accompaniments are by Berthold Tours.—Excellent practice for cultivated and diligent choral societies who are in search of novelties for the coming season will be found in "Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni," a cantata written and composed by Miss G. E. Troutbeck and J. Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., Oxon. The well-known historical narrative of the hapless queen's defeat and suicide is told in smoothly written verse, the music is appropriate to the theme, and shows decided talent on the part of the composer.—A pleasant and useful companion to the school-room is "Sacred Songs for Little Singers," words by Frances R. Havergal, music by A. Randegger, published ten years ago. This tastefully got up little volume is already a popular favourite; the twelve charming songs are calculated to win juvenile favour.—Nos. 158, 161, and 162 of "The Orpheus" (new series) are: "Come Live With Me," a madrigal for A.T.B.B. words by C. Marlowe, music by Arthur Carnall; "Fare Thee Well, and if for Ever," a five-part song for male voices, poetry by Lord Byron, music by C. A. Macirone; and "Come Follow Me" (Queen Mab's song), a glee for men's voices, the words from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, music by E. J. Drifford; all three of these clever compositions should find a place in the library of choral societies who care for what is good and pleasing, as should also Nos. 442 to 446 of "Novello's Part Song Book" namely, "Winter Days" (S.A.T.B.) words by J. Askham, music by A. J. Caldicott, Mus. Bac., Cantab. To this melodious glee was awarded the prize for the Huddersfield Glee Competition in 1879; "Homeward," the popular and charming four-part song, music by Henry Leslie, words by H. Macdowall; "To Sea! The Calm is O'er," a choral song for five voices, of a somewhat ambitious character, which requires a double quartet with soprano solo for its proper execution, the effective music is by Florence Marshall, the poetry from *The Fool's Tragedy*, by T. L. Beddoes.—By the same composer is a dirge for four voices, "Rest is Come," words by L. Leigh.—A very pretty and taking part-song for four voices is "Hymn to the Moon," poetry by Ben Jonson, music by Josiah Booth.—Longfellow's playful poem, "The Arrow and the Song" (No. 459) has been suitably set to music by Walter Hay. On putting aside these part songs we cannot but regret that they are not more often heard in the concert room, especially at the Royal Academy, the London ditto, and others where nervous students struggle through song after song, often much beyond their physical and mental powers, and bore their auditions to death, whereas by uniting their forces they would gain courage and win the applause which they merit.—The words by Adelaide Proctor of "A Dream" are so tender and true that J. W. Lawson ought to have done better with his musical setting thereof.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—It is but seldom that so pleasing and altogether satisfactory a duet for soprano and tenor comes under our notice as "Sous les Étoiles," it is most appropriate for "lovers and lovers only," the French poetry, by D. Nadaud, the English faithfully transcribed by W. Hardinge, music by A. G. Thomas.—A naive little narrative song, "Love the Truant," comes from Mr. E. Oxenford and Lady Benedict; these *collaborateurs* have made a very satisfactory joint appearance.—"Books," written and composed by Mrs. Gaskell and Francesco Berger, is a contralto song of more than average merit, both from a poetical and musical point of view.—The above named composer has not been so successful with a florid song of medium compass, "Bird of the Flickering Wing," the romantic words, vague of meaning, are by F. Langbridge.—What senseless titles are chosen by some musical composers, for example "Elle et Lui," a "dialogue for orchestra," composed and transcribed for the pianoforte by Louis Engel, is a piece of the mildest description in spite of its high-sounding name.—"Brise du Soir," a *morceau de salon* for the pianoforte, written and dedicated to his pupils by Louis Emanuel, is exactly suited to its purpose.—It is a pity that J. Baptiste Calkin ever attempted to write dance music for which he has no talent. "Wonderland Waltzes" and "Arcadia Waltzes" are of the weakest of their kind, he is far more at home in the lighter branches of composition, to which he will do well to confine himself.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF PARK SEATS.—In answer to a question put to Lord Sudley in the House of Lords as to an increase in the number of free seats in Hyde Park his lordship announced that during the past five years 81 of the said articles of public accommodation had been fixed in Kensington Gardens, and 65 in Hyde Park, and that during the present year 22 additional seats will be placed in the Park last mentioned. Gratifying as this display of liberality on the part of the Government must be to those who are able to avail themselves of it, it would be something to be even more thankful for if the Park authorities could so arrange and supervise the free seats that they should not be used indiscriminately by the cleanly and respectable of Her Majesty's subjects and by individuals of the ragamuffin class, ragged and destitute wretches, who, however much one may pity them for their deplorable condition, are not exactly the kind of people one would care to share a seat with. It might perhaps give offence to free-seat patrons if they were subjected to arbitrary rules and regulations, nor would they take kindly to anything in the nature of a first, second, and third-class arrangement; but no one who has given any attention to the subject will dispute the need for some sort of regulation for the better protection of decent folks. In Hyde Park it is notorious that the public seats in certain parts serve at night as sleeping "bunks" for homeless vagrants and vagabonds of various grades, and even in parks more strictly guarded—Victoria, Battersea, &c.—the gates at this time of year are opened between four and five o'clock in the morning, and the early visitor to such places will always find a few of the more secluded seats serving as a couch for some weary tatterdemalion, who probably has been prowling the streets all through the night, obedient to the policeman's "move on," to make his way towards opening time to the park nearest at hand, sure there of a few hours of undisturbed repose. It is the same with free seats and rests in suburban districts. It may be said that, where these seats are erected *pro bono publico*, it would be unreasonable to dictate as to the sort of persons who are eligible for the benefit; but, whether in the parks or on the highway, it never was intended that free seats should serve as lounges and lodgings-places for a class from immediate contact with which the least fastidious of decent people would instinctively shrink, inasmuch as they can scarcely occupy a resting-place for any length of time without making it unfit for the use of ladies and children, to say the least of it.

BOAT-LOWERING AT SEA.—No inventions are more heartily welcomed in this country than those which promise to lessen the dangers inseparable from seafaring, whether it effects only the "man overboard" or a whole ship's crew and passengers, wreck-threatened, and driven for dear life to take to the vessel's boats. An "old, old story" is that of the one sole chance of saving human life depending

on the promptitude with which a boat is released from her davits, and lowered in capable condition, and the said life or lives being sacrificed in consequence of a tangle—a block, a bungle—something amiss with the lowering gear. Only last winter, when the *Arizona* struck on an iceberg, it was stated in evidence by the chief officer that had the vessel gone down within an hour of the collision every soul on board must have been lost owing to the inability of the sailors to get out the boats in less time. It was, perhaps, this recent instance that quickened the curiosity of the authorities to ascertain through the Chief Constructor and the Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard the real value and utility of an invention patented by Lieutenant Barry, R.N.R. The improvement in question mainly affects the boat's davits. By means of the ordinary arrangement, and under favourable conditions, from twelve to fifteen minutes are occupied from the moment the order is given in lowering a boat down to the water. This, to the leisurely landsmen whose experiences are restricted to the ordinary affairs of life, may appear to be not a very long time, but it must seem cruel dallying with a desperate chance in the midst of a panic ensuing on an alarm of "ship on fire," or when the sea is heard rushing in at a gaping rent in a vessel's side caused by a collision in the dark. As regards Lieutenant Barry's invention, it seems on the occasion in question to have been satisfactorily demonstrated in the presence of Admiral Bradreth, Superintendent, and Mr. Saunders, the Chief Constructor at Chatham, that the operation of ship's boat lowering, ordinarily occupying a quarter of an hour, can be performed easily and surely in less than a single minute. Only nautical men would understand a detailed account of the mechanism of the new contrivance, but it needs no technical knowledge or practical acquaintance with the working of "chocks" and "anchor slips" to inspire us to hope that if the invention is all that it claims to be it will be favourably received, not only in the mercantile marine, but in Her Majesty's Navy as well.

THE "SLEEPING GIRL" AT TURVILLE.—A correspondent of the *Lancet* makes known the astonishing fact that the "sleeping girl" of Turville, a village near High Wycombe, and whose singular case created some amount of public curiosity seven or eight years since, is still alive—if so much may be said of one who lies constantly in a state of almost breathless calm, and, to all appearances, as unconscious as a dead person of all that is taking place around her. It is now nearly six years since that I paid the young lady in question a visit. From a popular point of view she had already ceased to be an object of interest, and excepting the minister of the parish and two or three charitable ladies of the locality, no one, the mother informed me, had been to see her for "ever so long." On the occasion mentioned I found that the door of the one-storyed cottage was merely latched, and, unexpected and unannounced, I found the mother busy at the wash-tub at the rear of the premises. There was not the least indication of an "exhibition" in the place itself, or in the poor woman's behaviour, when I begged permission to see her daughter; she wiped her hands and arms on her apron and civilly invited me to follow her upstairs. There, on a very poor though clean bed, in a largish room, with a low roof and a small window at one end, lay the "sleeping girl," then about fourteen years old. She was of fair complexion and pleasant countenance, her eyes nearly closed and her lips slightly parted. She lay with her cheek resting on her hand, just as the *Lancet* correspondent (Mr. H. Hayman, F.R.C.S.) describes her. Her skin was moist and healthy, though her breathing was scarcely perceptible. There was a tiny tea-pot, seemingly belonging to a doll's set of china, on a table at the bedside; and the mother informed me that the teaspoonful or two of nourishment the girl took each day consisted of diluted port wine or beef-tea placed in the tea-pot, and poured through the spout down her throat. I remember that the mother was very anxious to know if I were a doctor, "Not," she said, "that she objected to any medical man seeing the poor child, but that some had been there who had pricked her and held stuff under her nose to try if she was shamming." I must confess that the impressions I came away with were not those of a person convinced. There were no signs of imposture, not even so much as a hint that a small donation would be thankfully received; still, I should not have been at all surprised to have heard that the "mystery" had been cleared up and the cheat exposed. But the sleeping girl of Turville, it appears, remains a mystery still. The fit that caused her present trance seized her on the 17th of March, 1871, and she was twenty-one years old last May. Mr. Hayman informs us that, to his knowledge, she has been visited by numerous medical men "who, without any exception, are more or less sceptical" as regards the case. Since, however, as is stated, the parents never on any occasion ask for or seem to expect gifts of money, the advantage they derive from keeping up such a cruel deception is not apparent. Least of all could the poor creature lying there motionless as a wax figure through summer heat and winter cold find "the game worth the candle."

A TINY TRAGEDY

PERIOD—Indefinite. SCENE—Anywhere.

ACT I.

A SHADY nook—
A rippling brook—
Moonlight;
A garden chair—
A youthful pair—
Delight!

ACT II.

Troth plighted oft
In accents soft.
Oh, bliss!
Vow endless love—
(Cease, laughing Jove!)
And kiss.

ACT III.

A jealous thought—
The mischief's wrought.
Untrue?
A haughty pout—
A cutting flout.
Adieu!

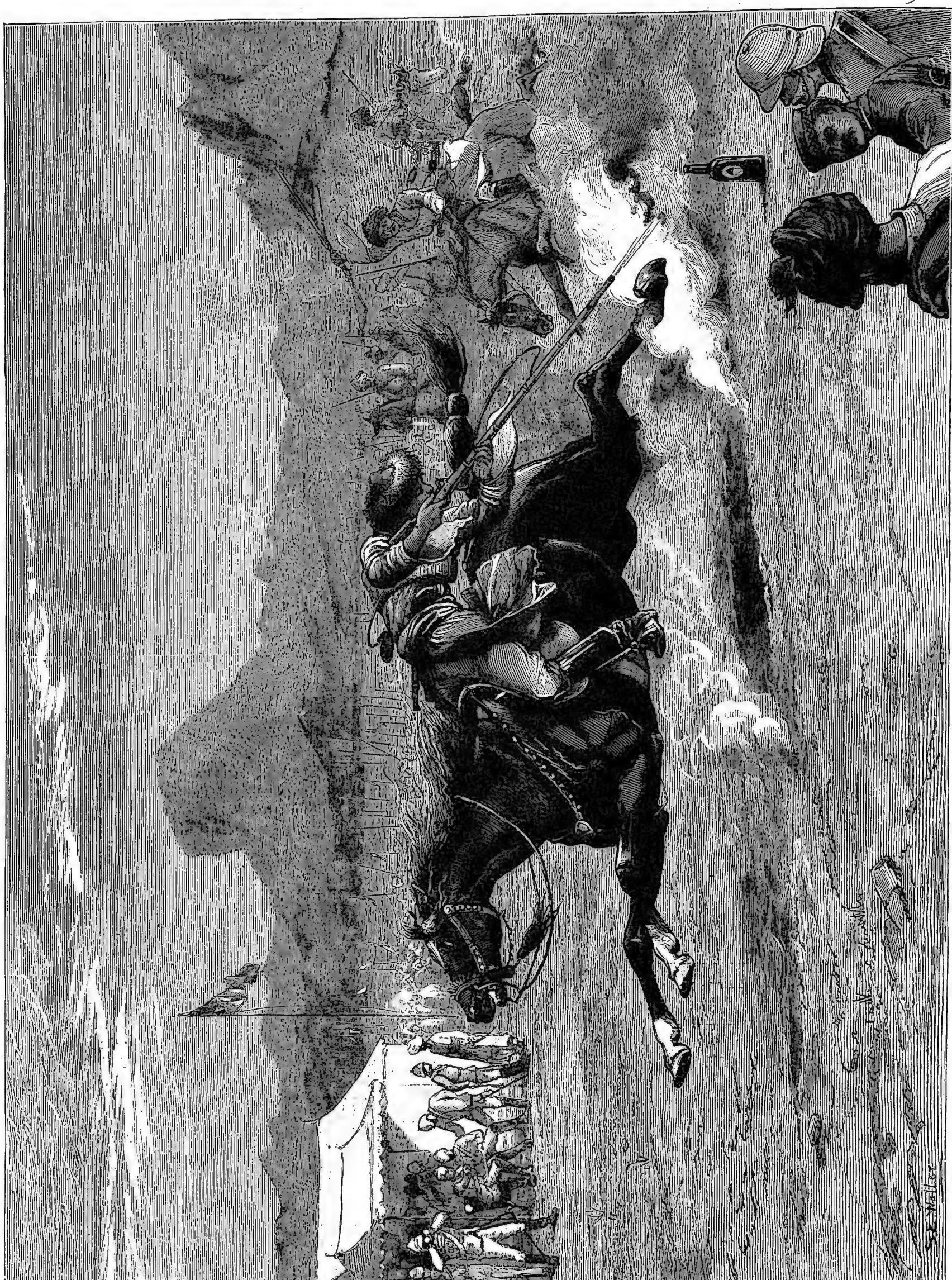
ACT IV.

A vessel starts:
In distant parts
He'll roam.
A hapless maid
By anguish swayed—
At home.

ACT V.

Years onward fleet:
Old lovers meet
And show,
As often found,
Doubts without ground.
Tableau!

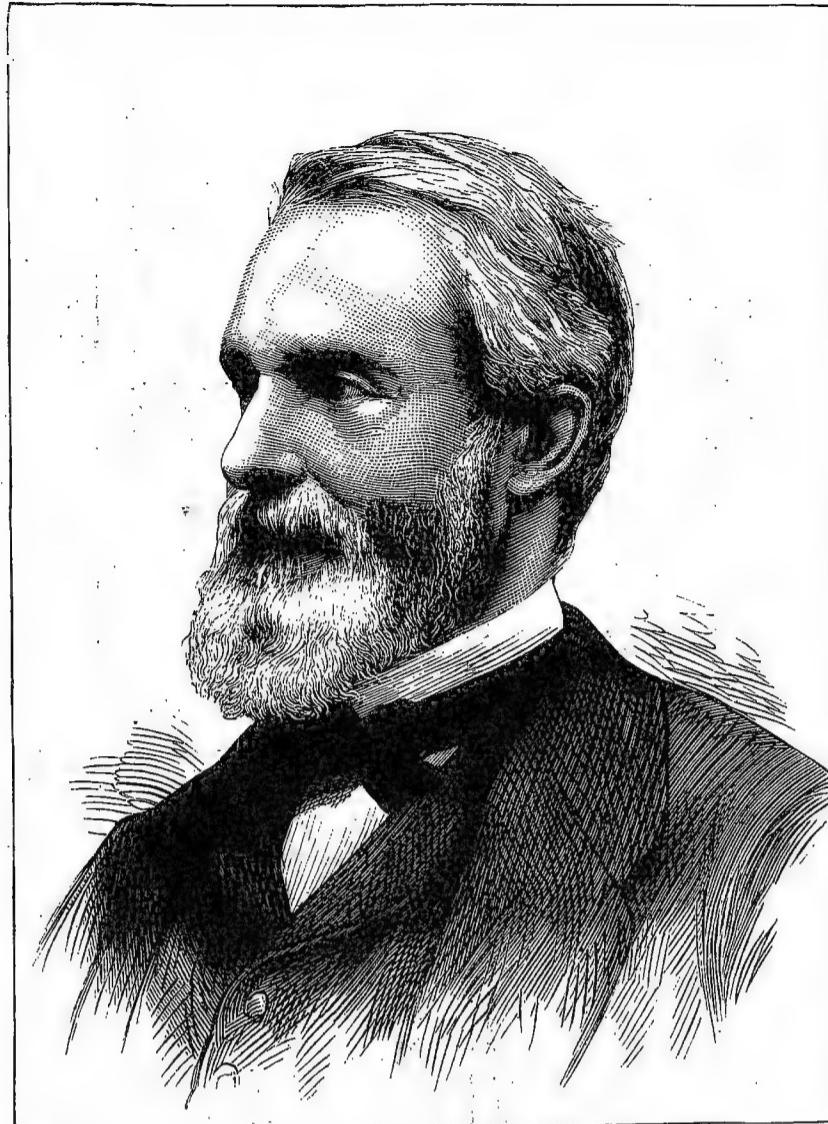
ALF. CARNIE



AFGHANISTAN—NATIVE SPORTS AT CANDAHAR

M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR

M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, the new French Ambassador to Great Britain, has always been noted for his staunch Republicanism. Educated at the Lycée St. Louis, he showed such signs of talent that, when only twenty-two years of age, he was chosen Professor of Philosophy at Pau, where his ardent advocacy of the Republic attracted no little attention. So much so, indeed, that two years later, after the *Coup d'État*, young Challemel-Lacour was arrested and imprisoned for some months, being subsequently released and banished. In exile, however, he soon came to be distinguished as a brilliant man of letters, and after living for four years at Antwerp, he went to Switzerland, and became Professor of French Literature at the Zurich Polytechnic. When, however, Napoleon III. granted an amnesty to political offenders in 1859, he returned to France, joined that ardent body of Republicans who, by their bold and unflinching advocacy of their opinions, did so much to lay the foundation of the present French Republic, and was marked as a dangerous man by the police, who would not permit him to deliver a course of lectures on Art, lest he should make it the occasion to denounce the Empire. They could not, however, interfere with his journalistic labours, and he became a valued contributor to the *Temps* and other leading Paris papers, ultimately obtaining one of the prizes in French literature—the post of Manager to the *Révue des Deux Mondes*. In 1868 he was prosecuted for taking part in the Baudin Monument subscription, and on the fall of the Empire in 1870 his services to the Republican cause were at once recognised, and he was nominated Prefect of the Rhône and Commissioner Extraordinary of the Republic, an arduous post at any time, and especially so at that period, when the Radicals of Lyons were clamouring for the Commune. Nor could he prevent the declaration of the Commune in that city, and only succeeded in repressing the outbreak after the murder of Commander Arnaud. His conduct, however, throughout his term of office won him the warm friendship of M. Gambetta—a friendship which still remains as cordial—and his universal popularity was made evident by the fact that on the conclusion of peace he was elected to the Bordeaux Assembly for the Bouches du Rhône. Since that time M. Challemel-Lacour has been a hard working politician, always steadfastly labouring to strengthen the institutions of the young Republic, and it is due to his energy, together



M. PAUL ARMAND CHALLEMEL-LACOUR
THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

with that of MM. Ranc and Targé, that the *République Française* was established—a journal which has greatly contributed to bring about the complete victory of the Republicans, and the overthrow of the former Conservative or rather of the Clerico-Monarchical majority. Strongly supporting M. Gambetta, the journal came to be looked upon as the Liberal leader's mouthpiece, and as such the official organ of the Republican party. M. Challemel-Lacour is almost as good an orator as he is a writer, though as a rule he prefers preparing his speeches beforehand, his style—both literary and oratorical—being what is generally termed Academic rather than popular. Consequently he was less frequently heard in the Assembly than many less brilliant speakers who possess the knack of striking into a debate at any moment and without preparation. For the last few years he has been Minister at Berne, and on the election of M. Léon Say to the Presidency of the Senate was appointed Ambassador to this country, where, as the first actual Republican statesman who has represented the French Republic, he may be sure of a cordial welcome from all classes.—Our portrait is from a photograph by E. Carjat and Co., 10, Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, Paris.

NATIVE SPORTS AT CANDAHAR

THIS sketch, for which we are indebted to Lieut. E. A. P. Hobday, R.A., represents some Hazaras performing feats of horsemanship on the plain outside Candahar. The Hazaras, who are of Mongolian origin, settled in Afghanistan at some remote period, but have always been engaged in perpetual feuds with the Afghans themselves, and they have proved valuable allies to us at Cabul and elsewhere. Last year they were invited by General Donald Stewart and Major St. John, the Political Officer, to Candahar, where they were our guests for about a week, an entire day being devoted to their sports. Mounted on wiry little horses they rode in quick succession past a bottle or other mark placed on the ground, and, unslinging their long guns, fired at it as they passed, leaning low over their horses, and seldom failing to hit. Their fearless riding excited the admiration of all, and their flowing robes, and the wild manner in which they dashed about rendered the spectacle extremely animated and picturesque.



PERFORMANCE OF THE "AGAMEMNON" AT BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD — THE LAST SCENE

Clytemnestra: "Heed not their idle barking : thou and I,

"Ruling the palace, fitly will ordain."



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The deliberations of the Berlin Conference appear to have been in the main favourable to the Greek claims, although secrecy has been so carefully observed that little authoritative information has transpired. Nevertheless the Powers are said to be fairly unanimous in their views, adhering chiefly to the suggestions of France, and it is hoped that a few days now will settle the matter. Whilst awaiting the report of the Technical Commission the Plenipotentiaries have held several meetings, besides numerous private interviews, and have eaten the due number of official dinners. The principal work hitherto has fallen to the delegates who, under the presidency of Colonel Blume—the German officer who presided over the Technical Commission at the 1878 Congress—have traced a new line of frontier, and were to have submitted it to the Plenipotentiaries on Wednesday. The report, however, was not ready, being materially hindered by the inaccuracy of the maps, and the sitting was accordingly postponed to yesterday (Friday). Greece herself asks for a district extending considerably north of the rivers Salambrias and Kalamas, including the whole of the coast opposite Corfu, so as to gain easier access to that island, but the line most likely to be adopted follows chiefly the watershed of the rivers, swerving to the north in the centre to take in the province of Zagori, which contains some 30,000 Greek-speaking inhabitants, and would, therefore, be more suited for Hellenic than Turkish possession. The Greeks seem willing enough to accept this boundary, particularly as they would gain Janina, whose inhabitants by the way have thanked Prince Hohenlohe for the Conference's support of their cause. When the frontier has been decided on by the Powers the next step will be to communicate the agreement to Turkey and Greece, and until it is seen whether the transfer of the district can be peacefully effected no decision will be taken regarding the despatch of a Delimitation Commission to the spot. As the district is proverbially unsafe the Powers are anxious not to risk the lives of the experts unless matters cannot be settled without their presence.

There are plenty of rumours regarding the Porte's action in view of the Conference's decision, but Turkey has taken no further step beyond her recent Note accepting mediation, but deprecating judgment, to which, by the bye, the Ambassadors have decided not to reply. The Cabinet has not yet answered the other two requests of the Powers' Identical Note, although the Montenegrin question is being discussed in Council, and there is some disposition to accept the suggestion, giving Montenegro the port of Bulcigno instead of Gussinje-Playa. In their turn the Albanians are appealing to the Conference against annexation either to Montenegro or to Greece. As to Armenia, it is asserted that the Porte will bring forward a fresh scheme of reform, although, meanwhile, nothing is being done to help the Armenian Christians, who are again suffering from Kurdish oppression, and have been so aroused by starvation as to attack the Government grain stores at Diarbekr. Nor do the Eastern Roumelian reforms progress any better, for the meeting of the Commission arranged for last week was again postponed, notwithstanding that the draft of the reorganisation scheme was ready for consideration. This project provides for a provincial assembly in each village, and proposes to devote local revenues to local uses, instead of sending them to the head Government. The Porte has confirmed the sentences of penal servitude on the three men who nearly murdered the Englishman, Mr. Burness, outside Constantinople; and is now in a quandary concerning the harem of the ex-Khede of Egypt, whose members have been sent by Ismail to his palace on the Bosphorus. They are now in the Dardanelles, the Sultan refusing them permission to proceed, and ordering them to Chios. Turkish money matters are in a more favourable condition than for some time past, the harvest promises well, and the sheep tax has furnished ready cash.

BULGARIA seems in a very unfriendly condition towards her neighbours, particularly towards ROUMANIA; and the Arab-Tabia dispute has again come to the front, thanks to Austria. Roumania, however, will probably gain the day, as it is likely that she will keep the fortress. A Bulgarian National Guard has been decided on, so as to reduce the standing army; while a national currency will shortly be struck, the coins varying from 20 francs to 2 centimes.

FRANCE.—M. Gambetta's action regarding the amnesty is the sole topic of the day. Rarely has so important a measure been decided and brought forward so promptly and opportunely, or discussed so calmly; and, notwithstanding the criticisms of Conservative objectors, there can be little doubt that the Government has achieved an enormous success throughout the country at large. By proclaiming pardon to all political offenders, the Government shows itself firmly established, and deprives the Radicals of their war-cry for the coming elections. There is no doubt that the Cabinet were averse to the step, fearing the opposition of the Senate; but influenced by M. Gambetta—whether from pure patriotism or from anxiety to steal a march on his rising rival, M. Clemenceau, is much discussed—the Ministry saw clearly that unless they themselves proposed the amnesty, the Chamber would do so, and so bring about their fall. Accordingly M. de Freycinet, in the Chamber on Saturday, presented the Bill, which is commendably brief, stating merely that "an amnesty is accorded to all guilty of crimes and offences connected with the 1870-1 insurrection, and to those condemned for political misdeeds up to the 19th inst." In a dignified preamble the Minister stated the reasons for the change of policy since February last, maintaining that the duty of a wise Government is to watch the manifestations of public opinion, and to yield to them in the interest of the country. The Bill was well received, was speedily discussed in Committee, and was passed on Monday by 312 votes against 136, the opposition being chiefly among Bonapartists, Legitimists, and some very moderate Republicans. Only the feeblest objections were opposed to the Bill on its discussion, but the feature of the debate was M. Gambetta's eloquent oration, urging the removal of what he styled the "last rag of civil war," and avowing his own responsibility. It is curious how completely M. Grévy has kept in the background throughout, although he gave up a formal visit to Melun to hold a Cabinet Council on the amnesty, but M. Gambetta's share in the whole affair has caused some surprise, and it is thought that he can now hardly avoid taking more active official position at the next change of Power. Indeed M. Clemenceau in the *Justice* styles M. Gambetta the "Maître du Pouvoir." His speech, too, is believed to have greatly influenced the Senate, where the fate of the Bill was feared, notwithstanding M. Léon Say's half promise of assistance. M. Gambetta on Sunday received a perfect ovation in his constituency of Belleville, where he dropped in suddenly at a school fête. He made a short speech, in which he declared that the amnesty would have been proclaimed sooner if the country had shown more wisdom, and recommended sentiments of fraternity instead of recrimination. As regards Press opinions, ultra-Radicals and Orléanists alike condemn M. Gambetta, but his course is heartily approved by the Moderate journals. The Lyons election—where Blanqui was defeated—the calmness of the Parisians, and the occasion of the forthcoming National fête of the Third Republic, are amongst the alleged causes of the amnesty being declared at present, and the Belleyville election of the Communist Trinquet to the Paris Municipal Council

now loses its interest, as M. Trinquet is no longer an oppressed victim. The Municipal Council has now voted 8,000l. for the expenses of the fête on July 4th, on condition that the Government grant 20,000l. The ceremony of presenting the new flags to the army will take place at Longchamps, some 430 colours being distributed, while a review and march past will follow.

Some small excitement has been got up about the Legitimists, who have raised a fund of 52,000l. for the Comte de Chambord to use for political purposes should opportunity serve. Just now, however, Henri Cinq's chances are more remote than ever, notwithstanding that, according to the Elysée organ, the *Part*, he has at last declared he would accept the tricolour for his country's benefit. The Clericals, looking to the approaching fulfilment of the March decrees, are already demonstrating against the civil power, and priests have in many cases been heavily fined. Paris itself, outside political affairs, has been chiefly interested in the action of the Comédie Française against Mlle. Bernhardt, with its claim of 12,000l. The case came on last week, and the advocate of the Français said some very spiteful things against the recalcitrant actress, showing the rupture to be pretty permanent, but judgment has not yet been given.

GERMANY.—The Ecclesiastical Bill is progressing slowly through the Lower House, and though several important clauses have been rejected, there now seems some chance that the measure will eventually pass, although in a considerably modified form. Thus the clause empowering the King to reinstate deposed Bishops, which has been approved, is particularly objectionable to the National Liberals, and should this be altered the party will probably support the Bill. Indeed, the leader, Herr Bennigsen, has already interviewed Prince Bismarck and Herr Puttkamer on the subject. The latter Minister has declared that the Government cannot accept amendments demanding the repeal of the May Laws.—The prizes of the Berlin Fishery Exhibition were awarded last week by the Crown Prince, and, although Great Britain, unlike other nations, receives no vote of thanks, as she was not officially represented, English exhibitors, including Mr. Frank Buckland, carried off several rewards.

ITALY.—The Clericals have gained an astonishing victory in the Roman municipal elections, obtaining thirteen out of the fourteen seats contested. Until recently the Clericals held aloof from these elections; but as no oath of allegiance to the King is required for these offices, this year priests and cardinals took a prominent part, and the voters numbered more than 1,000 above the usual number. General Garibaldi and Don Ruspoli, the well-known Syndic of Rome, were amongst the defeated Liberals, and the Papal party are thoroughly jubilant. The rest of the Council have now resigned, and it seems probable that the new body may be ardent supporters of the Pope, considering the present activity of the clericals. The Roman working men however have, by a large meeting, protested against the Liberal defeat. Signor Crispi has been entreated to retain his seat in the Italian Chamber, all shades of opinion joining in an eulogium of his services.

RUSSIA has been commemorating her famous poet Pouschkine by a series of fêtes at Moscow, where a statue was unveiled by the Metropolitan after a religious service, it being specially noted that this was the first time any member of a reigning family (in this case the Prince of Oldenburg) had joined in literary festivities. All was not peace, however, for at the evening banquet, when the editor of the reactionary *Moscow Gazette* proposed a toast for unity amongst literary men and oblivion of the past, his colleagues gave him no response whatever.

The Chinese in Kashgar, according to a *Daily News* correspondent, have seized Narin Fort, the chief Russian port in Turkestan, bordering on Kashgaria; and whence trend the straight roads to Tashkend, Samarkand, and Kuldja. Russian troops are said to be very scanty in these districts. Looking forward to hostilities the Governors-General of East and West Siberia have asked for the erection of telegraph lines to the Chinese frontier, while the Russian fleet in or close to Chinese waters now consists of some 12 vessels with about 176 guns.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—There is little alteration in the Afghan situation. Abdurrahman continues to assert his intention to go to Cabul, but has not yet arrived, while Mahomed Jan is stated to be on the way to join the Sirdar. Meanwhile, the Mullah Moosk-i-Alam is in his turn urging the claims of the ex-Ameer's son Moosa Khan. Considerable agitation prevails amongst the tribes, and a British convoy between Pezwan and Juggulluck Kotal was unsuccessfully attacked on Saturday. The Governor of Ghazni has found his position untenable, while the Ghazni field force has been removed to Charisia, nearer to Cabul, but is likely to return to the Logar Valley, owing to the failure of supplies. The same cause has obliged General Gough to move to Kohdaman. The late cattle raid at Jellalabad has been punished by a fine, and the destruction of the towers of the villages concerned.

In India itself the New Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Loan has been most successful, two French banks and one native taking up the whole at a considerable premium.

UNITED STATES.—The Democratic Convention met on Tuesday at Cincinnati to select their Presidential candidate, desirous to wrest the supreme power from the hands of the Republicans, who have now held it for twenty years, ever since the election of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Tilden, their chief candidate, has professedly withdrawn from the struggle, declaring himself weary of public life, and bitterly complaining that he was fraudulently deprived of the Presidency at the last election. Many, however, are of opinion that this withdrawal is only a bid for fresh support, but considering the incomprehensible ways of American politicians it is impossible to dwell on the chances of any particular candidate. Probably, as at Chicago, there is a "dark horse" in the background. Still, the New York delegates have not yet named their candidate, being apparently somewhat nonplussed by Mr. Tilden's withdrawal. The Tammany delegates have been altogether excluded from the meeting. A majority of two-thirds—491 votes—is necessary for the nomination of President and Vice-President. Cincinnati nominations, by the way, have twice carried the day—Buchanan in 1856, and President Hayes in 1876.

MISCELLANEOUS.—**SWITZERLAND** is to decide by popular vote on July 4th on the separation of Church and State, and the Consistory of the National Church of Geneva have solemnly appealed to the electors to vote against the proposal. The German-Swiss Cantons are strongly opposed to the separation.—**SPAIN** has decided not to allow any of the religious orders expelled from France by the Ferry laws to reside in the border provinces, while in other parts of the kingdom permission will be granted only in a few cases.—In **BURMA** the members of the Burmese Embassy to the British Government have returned to Mandalay, taking with them as prisoner the Governor of Sillaymo, who recently detained the British steamer *Yonan*. The Nyongoko is burning villages on the frontier, and has a considerable force at hand.—In **SOUTH AFRICA** the Basuto chief Letsela has summoned his followers to give up their arms to the British. The annexation of the Transvaal is being opposed at the diamond fields, and the petition against the measure has been signed in Pretoria alone by 520 persons, while the Boers are still actively working to maintain their independence.—In **CANADA** Bennett, the discharged *employé*, who shot Senator George Brown on the 25th of March last, inflicting a wound which subsequently proved fatal, has been convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged.



HER MAJESTY, the Princess Beatrice, and the young Princesses of Hesse have returned to Windsor from Scotland. Her Majesty left Balmoral on Tuesday afternoon, driving to Ballater, where the train was taken for the southward journey, stoppages being made at Aberdeen, the Bridge of Dun, and Perth, where the Queen engaged in a brief conversation with Mrs. Drummond, of Megginch Castle. Windsor was reached about nine on Wednesday morning. The last days of Her Majesty's stay in the Highlands were only marked by the usual walks and drives, and on Sunday, which, by the way, was the forty-third anniversary of Her Majesty's accession, the whole of the Royal party attended Divine Service at the parish church of Crathie, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated.

The Prince of Wales during his visit to Trentham Hall last week was present at the laying of a foundation-stone by the Duchess of Sutherland of a new church at Tittensor. On Saturday the Prince came up to London, and attended the annual sale of yearlings at the Royal Paddocks, Hampton Court, and in the evening the Prince and Princess went to the French plays at the Gaiety Theatre. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and their children attended Divine Service at Berkeley Chapel, where the young Princes and Princesses presented offerings of fruit and flowers, while later the Princess of Wales and her children, and the King of the Hellenes, visited the Victoria Hospital for Children, Queen's Road, Chelsea, and passed through all the wards, saying a word to each little patient, and distributing amongst them fruit and flowers, the produce of the Flower Sermon at Berkeley Chapel. On the same day the Duke and Duchess of Connaught lunched at Marlborough House, the whole party, with the King of the Hellenes, subsequently going to the Grosvenor Gallery. On Monday the Princess and the King of the Hellenes visited the studio of Messrs. Downey, Ebury Street, and some photographs were taken of both the Princess and the King. In the evening the Prince dined with Captain E. Trafford and the officers of the Norfolk Artillery Militia, the Princess and the King of the Hellenes dining with the Earl and Countess Cadogan, at Chelsea House. During the day the King of the Hellenes received at Marlborough House a deputation of Greek residents in London, Liverpool, and Manchester, who presented an address. On Tuesday the Prince of Wales presided at a meeting of his Council at the office of the Duchy of Cornwall, and the Princess and the King of the Hellenes visited the studio of Mr. Alma-Tadema in Regent's Park. In the evening the Prince and Princess and the King of the Hellenes dined with Lady Molesworth. On Wednesday the Royal party were present at the tournament in the Agricultural Hall, and in the evening there was a State Ball at Buckingham Palace, attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and other members of the Royal Family, the King of the Hellenes and the Duke of Edinburgh being absent in consequence of the mourning for the Czarina. The Princess wore white and silver. On Thursday the Prince and Princess would open the new public recreation grounds in Whitechapel, which have been secured to public use through the exertions of the Vicar and the liberality of a private gentleman. To-day (Saturday) they will drive over Wandsworth, Putney, and Hammersmith Bridges to declare them free to the public, receiving on their way an address from the Board of Works. The Princess on Monday will present, at St. James's Hall, the rewards to the pupil-teachers and teachers of metropolitan schools, offered by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for the best essay on the "Duty of Kindness to Animals."—Prince Albert Victor, according to the Standard, is to undergo the usual course of training as a cadet at the Royal Military Academy; and it is the wish of the Prince of Wales that, when qualified, an active commission in the army shall be given to him.

The Duke of Edinburgh returned to London from St. Petersburg on Tuesday. The Duchess and her children still remain in Russia.—On Thursday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were to open the extensive works of the London and Victoria Dock Company at North Woolwich.—Prince Leopold and the Princess Louise have gone to the Canadian Salmon Fisheries, where they will remain several weeks. The Marquis of Lorne will join them next week.—The ex-Empress Eugénie has returned to Durban, where she will embark for England to-day on the Union Company's steamer *Trojan*. On her return she will spend some time at Arenenberg.



THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.—On Sunday last the Bishop of Peterborough preaching in his cathedral, said there was immense meaning in the Oath of Allegiance. When a man who was to make the laws of his country took the book in his hand and promised allegiance to England's Cesar, he did it in the name of God, invoking Him as the witness of the compact between himself and his sovereign. Alas for liberty and order, if out of public acts and deeds of the nation we blotted the recognition of the name of God! A nation of Atheists must be a nation of revolutionists, their history must be one of revolution marked by intervals of grinding, cruel, pitiless, and unrepented slaughter, because for weakness there would be no appeal to the supreme power. The throne of England, the order and government of England, must rest upon a deeper basis than affection; it must rest, if it was to abide, upon the Christian principle of loyalty, or sooner or later the whole noble fabric of English liberty and order must perish.—Dean Close, preaching last Sunday in Carlisle Cathedral, said that if the "fools" who "said in their hearts there is no God" said it only in their hearts, he did not wish to meddle with them; but if they spoke the same, if they wrote, printed, and circulated it, the Christian religion could not tolerate it. Could a man who denied the Bible become a senator to make laws for a Christian people? He did trust that Parliament would not remove any of the barriers calculated to keep out an infidel. The Queen reigned by virtue of an oath, and the Constitution was built on it, and the loyalty which grew out of it would be undermined and the throne shaken if they admitted a blaspheming infidel into the councils of the nation.—A petition, signed on behalf of the Catholic Union of Great Britain by the Duke of Norfolk, the President, has been sent to the House of Commons praying them not to depart from their ancient and immemorial usage by extending to a professed atheist, on the ground of his disbelief in the existence of a Supreme Being, that indulgence accorded in certain cases to a conscientious respect for the name of God.

THE MACKONOCHEE CASE is now, we suppose, at last at an end, the Council of the Church Association having come to the conclusion that there is no adequate reason for incurring the expense of an appeal to the House of Lords. Mr. Martin, the promoter of the

suit, in a letter to the Bishop of London says that "when proceedings were originally taken, it was understood that their object was simply to ascertain authoritatively the law of the Church on certain points, which, when ascertained, would be acquiesced in on both sides, and obeyed. It never occurred to me, nor, I suppose, to any one else, that the judgments of the Courts of Law would be set at defiance, and that obedience could only be enforced by imprisonment. Had such a result been foreseen, I should not have allowed my name to be used as the promoter. In submitting to the severe rebuke of the Dean of Arches for not proceeding to imprison the Rev. Mr. Mackonochie, it is some consolation to me to know that the course I have taken has been in accordance with the views of your lordship and of many of those who hold positions of high authority in the Church of England." The Standard commenting on this letter says that the Church Association have been landed in their present humiliation in consequence of a grievous blunder. If they meant anything more than a threat they should not have chosen Mr. Martin as prosecutor; if they did not they should not have chosen Mr. Mackonochie as defendant."

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL, whose enthronisation will take place on July 1 in the Parish Church of St. Peter's, Liverpool, last Sunday preached his farewell sermon to his old parishioners at Stradbrooke, and asked them to pray for him that he might be kept faithful; true Bishop of the Reformed Church of England, not so Broad that men cannot make out what views he holds, or so Narrow as to exclude any one from interest in Christ. The congregation, both morning and afternoon, were very large.

THE HOME RE-UNION SOCIETY held its annual meeting on Saturday last. The Bishop of Winchester, the President, who took the chair, said that many Nonconformists had begun to yearn towards unity, and it was the duty of Christians to remove existing blots in the church system, and to endeavour to adapt it to the spiritual wants of the people. Something ought to be done to mitigate the evils of patronage, simony being one of the greatest scandals of the Church, and which most threatened her existence as an establishment.

THE CITY CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD PROTECTION SOCIETY held its first annual meeting on Wednesday at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Earl of Devon. A paper on "City Churches," written by the late Sir Gilbert Scott in the year 1854, was read by the secretary, Mr. Wright, F.S.A.; and after several speeches had been made, a resolution was adopted expressing regret at the desecration of so many of the ancient parish churches in the City of London, both on aesthetic and religious grounds, and pledging those present to oppose any and every future scheme for the removal of a City church, or the desecration of a resting-place of the dead within the City.

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.—Mr. Forster, the Irish Secretary, replying last week to a deputation of minor incumbents and curates of the Church of Ireland, said that, though he sympathised with them, he thought that they ought rather to have gone to Mr. Gladstone than to himself. The prospective claims of the clergy either were, or ought to have been, considered at the time the Disestablishment Act was passed, and it would be difficult to reopen the matter after so long a lapse of time. He, however, promised that their representations should have full consideration.

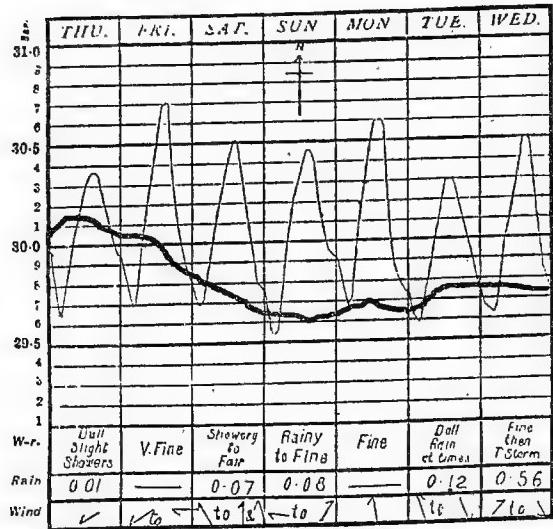
THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL held its annual meeting on Friday last in St. James's Hall, the Primate taking the chair. No resolutions were proposed, but addresses were delivered by the Bishop of Rangoon and the Bishop designate of Zululand (Dr. Kestell-Cornish). The income of the Society last year was over £131,000; the number of missionaries employed 593, besides 1,395 catechists and lay-teachers, mostly natives; and there were about 259 students in colleges abroad who were training for the work of the ministry in their native lands.

THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.—On Sunday last religious services were held in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland commemorative of the struggles of the Covenanters in the seventeenth century, and particularly of the bicentenary of the declaration made at Sanquhar on the 22nd of June, 1680, by Richard Cameron and a number of his followers in favour of religious liberty.

THE REV. E. PAXTON HOOD last Sunday, preaching his last sermon at Cavendish Chapel, Manchester, the pastorate of which he has resigned, said that he gave up his work in disgust at the hostility of the six deacons, by whom the trust deeds had not been merely violated, but outraged. He could at any time during the next three months force his way by law into that pulpit; and he resigned because his conscience dictated to him to preach against Lord Beaconsfield's policy in Africa and Afghanistan.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JUNE 17 TO JUNE 23 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been rather finer than it was during the early part of the month, but still showery and unsettled. The temperatures recorded have varied with the changing state of the sky; on Sunday (20th inst.), when the weather was fine and bright, the thermometer rose to 74°, and on Monday (21st inst.), with similar conditions, it reached 72°, but on other days there was more cloud, and the maxima did not exceed 70°, while on Tuesday (22nd inst.) the highest point reached was 66°. The winds have varied considerably in direction, but have been uniformly light in force. The changes in the barometer have been extremely slight and gradual; during the earlier part of the week the tendency was generally downward, but since Monday (21st inst.) the mercury has more than once shown disposition to rise. The barometer was highest (30° 14 inches) on Thursday (17th inst.); lowest (29° 6x inches) on Sunday (20th inst.); range, 0° 53 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (74°) day (20th inst.); range, 0° 53 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (74°) day (20th inst.); lowest (5°) on Sunday (20th inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on Friday (18th inst.); lowest (5°) on Sunday (20th inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on four days. Total fall, 0° 56 inches. Greatest fall in one day, 0° 56 inches, on Wednesday (23rd inst.).



THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—That the triennial assembly of amateurs and musicians in honour of the grand Saxon musician who (with brief intervals of absence) made England his country and London his residence from 1710 to 1759, the year of his death, and whom Germany herself hardly dares to claim as her own, so thoroughly did he succeed in meeting English tastes and conquering English hearts, should have absorbed all attention during the week which ends to-day may easily be understood. Mendelssohn, although he composed *Elijah* for Birmingham, and was almost worshipped in this country, could never be entirely happy away from Germany; while Handel (a naturalised Englishman), despite his German birth and his successes in Italy, could never be entirely happy away from the new country of his choice. In fact he was celebrated here before he can be said to have been recognised at home in any degree proportionate to his absolute worth. What the Handel Festival, held triennially in the Crystal Palace, signifies is a theme so familiar to our musical readers that to dwell upon it again would be sacrificing space to no purpose. Enough that from 1857, when the idea was first put into action by the spirited directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society, with the late Mr. Robert K. Bowley at their head, Mr. George Grove as secretary *sans pareil*, and Sir Michael Costa "generalissimo of all the orchestras," justly so styled, as conductor, they have been carried on until now, with ever progressing interest. The meeting of 1857, though advertised as "Handel Festival," was but tentative, the first "Festival" properly so denominated taking place in 1859, when the centenary of Handel's death was commemorated. The success on that occasion was so marked, that in 1862 another meeting was organised, with results so satisfactory that it was determined by the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Crystal Palace directors to perpetuate the festival as "triennial." Thus it has been continued, with always increased and increasing resources, until the present time, and is likely to be continued on the same footing, so long as the Crystal Palace (for no other "locale" could be found so happily suited to the purpose) remains at disposal of the promoters. It is gratifying to be able to state that the festival which came to an end yesterday with such a performance of *Israel in Egypt* as in no other circumstances could be possible, has been as remarkable as any of its predecessors—more remarkable, indeed, in some respects. To describe in minute detail the performances of the week would occupy far more than the space we have at command, and besides, would be equivalent to repeating in other words what has been published at such length, and with eulogy so amply merited, by our daily contemporaries. A brief general retrospect must, therefore, suffice. The festival comprised two oratorios—the *Messiah* and *Israel*, separated from each other by a miscellaneous programme made exclusively out of Handel's works, sacred and secular, and preceded, as on former occasions, by a general public rehearsal—a sort of epitome of all that was to come, comprising, as it did, the most admired pieces from the oratorios and the intervening "selection." For such a celebration nothing could be fitter than the oratorio of the New Testament and the oratorio of the Old, subject, nevertheless, to the suggestion that, by logical order of precedence, *Israel* should come first, and the *Messiah* last. About the rehearsal we need say no more than it brought a large concourse of visitors to the Crystal Palace, and that all the leading singers, with the exception of Madame Adelina Patti, took part in it. The first test was the performance of the *Messiah*, on Monday, than which we can remember nothing more admirable. The "Sacred Oratorio" was brought out in all its glory by a host of interpreters, vocal and instrumental, over 4,000 in number. There were upwards of 21,000 visitors, and the sight, favoured by a glorious sunshine, was as imposing as the sound was magnificent. The reception given to Sir Michael Costa was no more than a just tribute to one who has directed these festivals from the beginning, and has, since 1848, been conductor to the Sacred Harmonic Society, by whose directors they were first set on foot, and by whose responsible officers they have been so ably managed from the beginning. The first grave and stately measures of the overture showed the orchestra at its best; and this efficiency was sustained to the very end. The chorus were not only strong in numbers but in excellence, and this was proved no less clearly by the ease and pointed accentuation with which they executed such pieces as "He shall purify the sons of Levi," where florid passages abound, than in their emphatic rendering of "For unto us a child is born," the superb "Hallelujah" and the overpowering "Amen"—worthy climax to a masterpiece in all essential respects unequalled. We have little else but praise for the leading vocalists. To Madame Albani was confided the soprano music throughout, and rarely has she won more honourable distinction. Only to single out two pieces—"How Beautiful are the feet," was given by this accomplished artist with all the simple and plaintive tenderness which is its chief characteristic, while "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was sung with a fervour of expression that revealed all its deep significance. An unbeliever might have been converted by such unaffected and persuasive vocal eloquence. Madame Patey, our reigning contralto, sang all the part allotted to her register; and to more competent hands it could hardly have been confided. Her renderings of "He shall feed His flock," and of the truly pathetic air "He was despised and rejected of men," were equally to be admired as examples of model Handelian singing. The tenor music was shared between Mr. Barton McGuckin and Mr. Maas, the former earning good opinions on all sides by the earnestness he imparted to the "Passion" recitatives and airs, the other creating quite a sensation by his energetic delivery of the declamatory air, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," immediately following upon the defiant chorus, "Let us break their bonds asunder." The bass music in the opening part devolved upon Mr. Foli, who gave the recitative and air, "The people that walked in darkness" with commendable judgment, and Mr. Santley, whose Handelian singing happily stands in no need of eulogy, and whose "Why do the nations, and 'The trumpet shall sound'" (with Mr. T. Harper's splendid obbligato) were, as usual, worthy of unqualified praise. In fact the performance of the *Messiah* was such a beginning to the Handel Festival as its best well-wishers could desire. The miscellaneous concert was, as always, an entertainment of varied interest. It consisted, however, exclusively of solo airs, choruses, and instrumental music, including the concerto in G—first of twelve for stringed instruments, which, played by all the violins, violas, &c., under Sir Michael Costa's control, produced a unique effect. There was no concerted music, not even a duet or a trio. The effect, in consequence, was somewhat monotonous. Madame Patti, however, being one of the solo singers, the vast audience were more than satisfied, applauding her unanimously in "Let the bright seraphim" (*Samson*), and her unisonously in "From mighty kings" (*Judas Maccabeus*). All the leading singers took part in the concert, which ended in triumph with "See the conquering hero comes" (*Joshua*). Sir Michael Costa conducted with his accustomed vigour, and that perfect command of a multitude of singers and players in which he is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Into further details we cannot at present enter.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The bare record that Verdi's *St. Petersburg* opera, *La Forza del Destino*, was revived on Saturday night will suffice. The composer has to some extent modified, but in no respect improved it. As there is no chance whatever of the opera becoming a permanent feature in the repertory, it would be waste of time and space to say another word about it. Before giving any opinion on the merits of the new American *prima donna*, Madame Marie Louise Swift, we must see her in some other part than that of Verdi's second "Leonora." Boito's *Mefistofele* is in rehearsal. Subscribers will be glad.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—There has been nothing absolutely new at this establishment since our last. About Madame Sembrich's appearance as Amina in the *Sonnambula*, on Thursday, we must defer speaking till next week. Meanwhile, the first of the promised novelties, *Hérold's Pré aux Clercs*, is announced for this evening, with Madame Albani in the character of Isabella. This is likely to give a spur to the rest of the season.

WAIFS.—Johannes Brahms is said to be seriously contemplating the composition of an opera, but that, like Mendelssohn before him, it is difficult to meet his views with regard to a libretto.—The eminent violinist, August Wilhelmj, has returned to New York.—At the fifty-first Wiesbaden performance of Schumann's opera, *Genoveva* (so reviled by Wagner), the widow of the composer was present.—Madame Essipoff is about to give a series of concerts at Lisbon and Oporto, where doubtless the accomplished pianist will, as everywhere else, find a host of enthusiastic admirers.—A statue of Auber is about to be erected at Caen, his native place. Not a bit too soon, by the way.—The room in a house at Salzburg, where Mozart first saw the light, is now permanently open to the public, with everything as nearly as possible *in statu quo ante*.



MODERN ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.—The Judges of the Court of Appeal, in giving judgment last week in the case of "Fletcher v. Hudson," passed some severe strictures on the way in which modern Acts of Parliament are drafted. The action was brought under the Public Health Act, 1875, to recover a penalty against the defendant for acting as a member of a local board whilst interested in a contract with the board, and the question raised by the appeal was whether the consent of the Attorney-General was necessary before such an action could be brought. The Exchequer Division had held that it was not necessary, although the plaintiff was not a "party aggrieved" nor a "local authority." Mr. Justice Bramwell said the language of the Act was very ambiguous. At first he thought that the section meant that the Attorney-General's consent was necessary, but that would make the clause unmeaning; he must, therefore, read it as meaning that no persons except such as are mentioned in the Act may sue without consent; but then there were three sections which said that any person might sue. If he had not made himself clear, it was not worth while wasting more time over such ambiguous language. Lord Justice Baggallay delivered judgment to the same effect; and Lord Justice Brett said that he was sorry he could not dissent, but he hoped the House of Lords would be bolder. He could not read the section "grammatically," and "hardly sensibly." The appeal was thereupon dismissed.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.—The Select Committee on the Law of Libel consists of Attorney-General, who has been chosen to preside, Mr. Blennerhassett, Dr. Cameron, Mr. Courtney, Baron Henry de Worms, Mr. Errington, Mr. Foyer, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Staveley Hill, Sir John Holker, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. E. Leathem, Mr. Master, Mr. Paget, and Mr. A. Sullivan. The committee met for the first time on Wednesday last, but adjourned almost immediately until next Friday. That their labours may lead to an early reform of the Law of Libel is "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

THE TICHBORNE WRIT OF ERROR came before the Court of Appeal on Thursday, two objections being urged on the convict's behalf. The first is that the cumulative sentence passed upon him was illegal; and the second, the curiously technical one that no preliminary sentence of imprisonment was passed upon him.

DOCTORS AND PATIENTS would do well to study the case of "Mitchell v. Homfray," which has just been dealt with by the Court of Appeal. It was an action by the executors of a deceased lady against her medical adviser to recover a sum of 800*l.*, money lent, the defence being that it was a free gift, and the rejoinder that if so it had been obtained by undue influence. These issues were tried before Mr. Justice Stephen and a special jury at the Durham Assizes, when verdict and judgment were given for the defendant. Subsequently the Exchequer Division had refused to grant a rule for a new trial, which was applied for on the ground of "misdirection," it being contended that in Equity such a gift would not be held valid, as it was made without the advice of a third person. The case was ultimately brought before the Court of Appeal, Lords Justices Bramwell, Baggallay, and Brett, who sent it down for a new trial on the question of Equity doctrine, as they considered that the right questions had not been left to the jury. Lord Justice Bramwell, however, advised the litigants either to compromise, or to have the case tried without a jury.

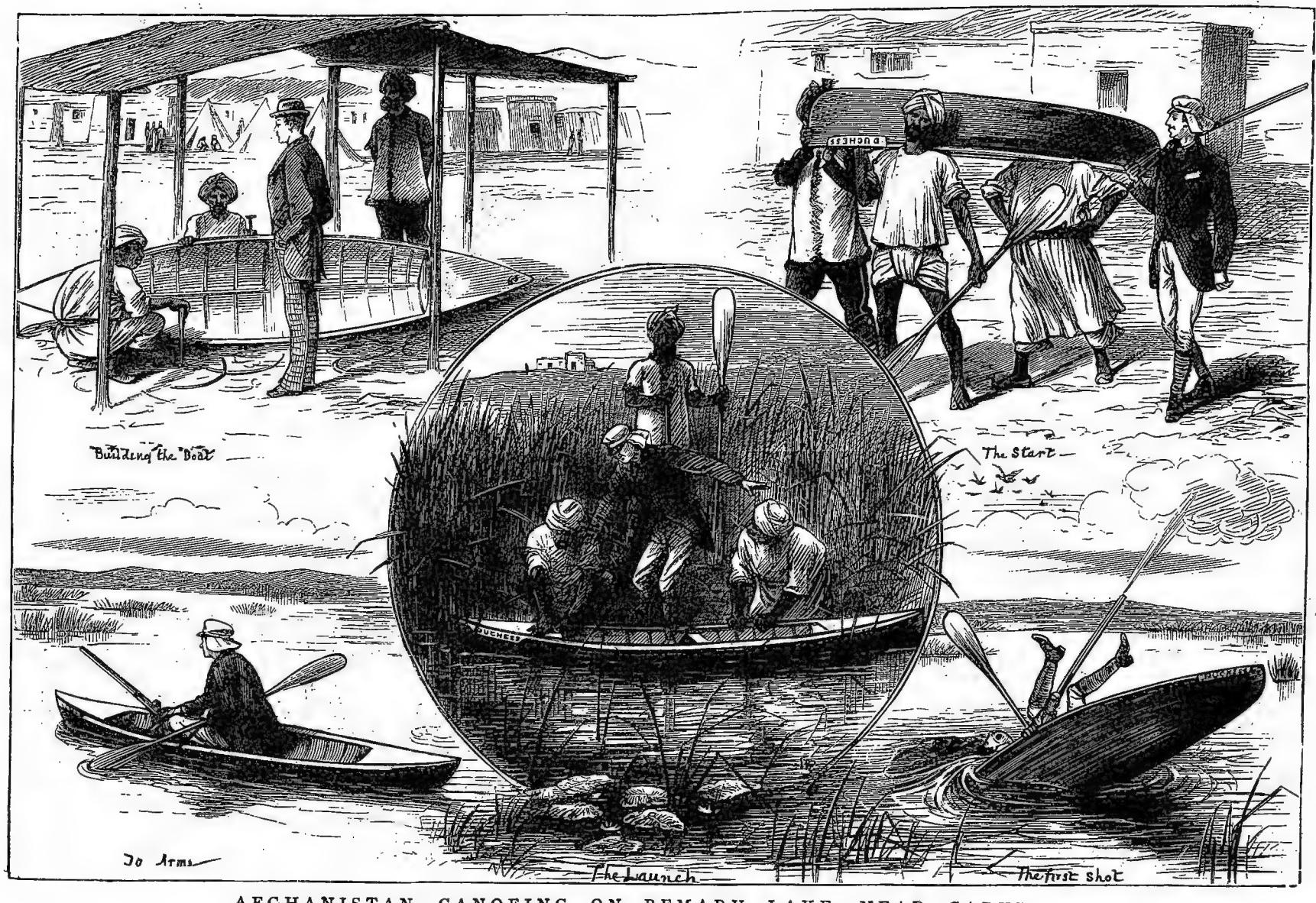
DETAINING AND DEFACING COIN.—Some letters have appeared in *The Times* complaining of the manner in which "light" coins are dealt with at the Stamp Office, Somerset House. It appears that when sovereign is found to be deficient in weight, the clerks refuse to allow the person who tenders it to obtain change elsewhere, or to return it, even if another of full weight is offered in its stead. The coin is kept and defaced, and a charge is imposed to make up the value.—Another writer quotes the Act which makes this practice compulsory; but it seems unfair that the loss consequent on the wear of years should have to be borne by one person rather than by the nation at large.

ANOTHER SELF-ACCUSED MURDERER has appeared in the person of a convict, now in confinement at Portsea, who declares that he is the person who, in June, 1873, killed two women named Squires (mother and daughter) in a newspaper shop at Hoxton. He states that his original object was merely to rob the till; but, being interrupted, he committed the double murder in order to escape, and was then so excited that he left the shop without stealing anything.

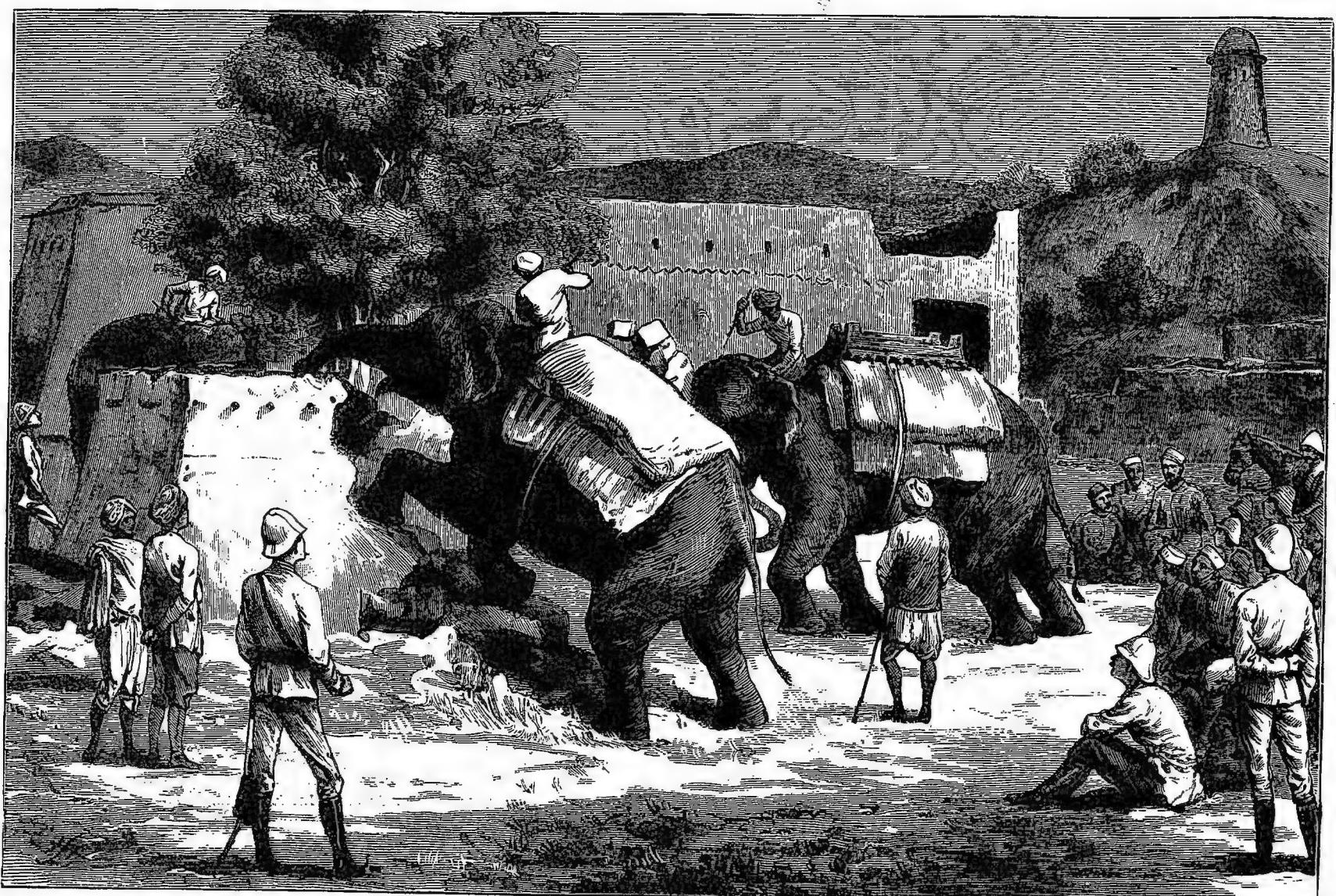
THE ALLEGED LIBEL ON MR. BRADLAUGH, M.P.—The trial of this case has been removed, by consent, to the Queen's Bench Division.

THE LONDON TRAMWAYS COMPANY have been adjudged to pay 200*l.* damages to a Mr. Jones, one of the survivors of the Balaclava charge, in respect of an assault committed upon his wife by one of their conductors, who pushed her off the platform of the car, by which she sustained severe injuries. For the defence it was contended that the company was not responsible for the conductor's conduct, which was a gross, outrageous assault, and not mere negligence. Lord Coleridge, however, gave judgment in accordance with the verdict; but stayed execution to enable the defendants to move the Court for a new trial.

DR. LYNN, the well-known conjuror, was the other day summonsed for the value of an emerald ring, which it was alleged had been



AFGHANISTAN—CANOEING ON BEMARU LAKE, NEAR CABUL



AFGHANISTAN—FORTIFYING A POSITION: ELEPHANTS RAZING OUTBUILDINGS



JOHN SLAGG, ESQ.
Manchester



TIMOTHY DANIEL SULLIVAN, ESQ.
Westmeath

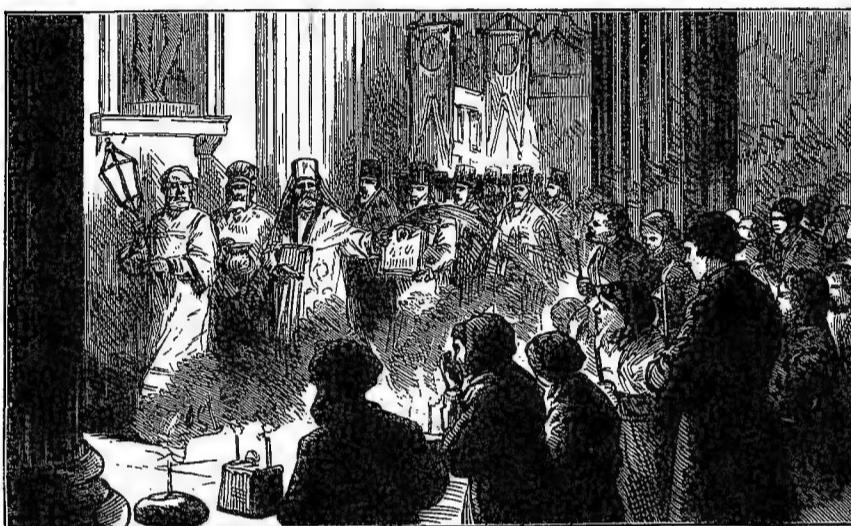


MONTAGU JOHN GUEST, ESQ.
Wareham



WILLIAM HENRY GRENFELL, ESQ.
Salisbury

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—VI.



MIDNIGHT PROCESSION OF PRIESTS



KISSING IN THE STREETS



PEASANTS WAITING TO HAVE THEIR BREAD BLESSED



KISSING IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

EASTERTIDE OBSERVANCES IN RUSSIA

damaged by him during the performance of a trick, but as the owner of the gem was unable to prove that it was perfect when it left his possession he was non-suited. Dr. Lynn explained, what we should have supposed was understood by every one, that the borrowed ring was never in reality exposed to any chance of injury, and offered to show "how it's done," but the Court declined his generous offer of gratuitous entertainment.

A SAD CASE OF DIPSOMANIA.—Last week a poor demented lady was charged at Marylebone Police Court with being a lunatic not under proper control, and was remanded to the workhouse infirmary pending inquiries. A day or two afterwards the parish overseer attended before the magistrate, and stated that she had been taken home by her husband, who was formerly an officer in the army. She is a lady of good social position and education, has been presented at Court, and is now writing a novel; but during the

last sixteen years she has been in the habit of drinking to excess, and has been in several lunatic asylums and workhouses, from whence she was of course discharged as soon as she recovered her sanity. She was taken back to her home last week, and on Sunday she drank a whole bottle of gin, and "there was a fearful scene." The magistrate suggested that she should be sent to a home for inebriates; but this cannot be done without her own consent, which it appears she will not give.

"ANTIQUE" PLATE.—The manufacture of plate bearing forged Hall-marks of ancient date being now, it is said, largely practised, the Goldsmiths' Company have offered a reward of 100/- for the discovery of the forger.

JUVENILE BURGLARS.—On Sunday last a number of boys broke into the premises of the Junior Reform Club at Bolton, and helped themselves to wine, spirits, and cigars. Two of them, aged

respectively twelve and nine years, were found in the building "dead drunk," and it was some time before they could be restored to consciousness, their lives being at one time in serious peril. On Monday they were taken before the Mayor, who, remarking that they had suffered very much through their folly, discharged them with an admonition.

AN EXCITABLE GENTLEMAN, a barrister, has been fined 3/- and 2/- costs for assaulting one of the cashiers at the Westminster County Court, whom he struck with a stick because he was not at once attended to when he went to pay in some money under a judgment against him.

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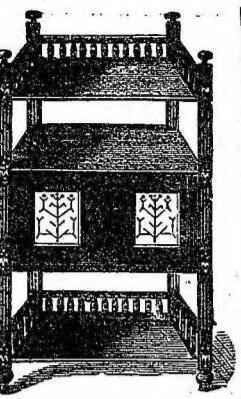
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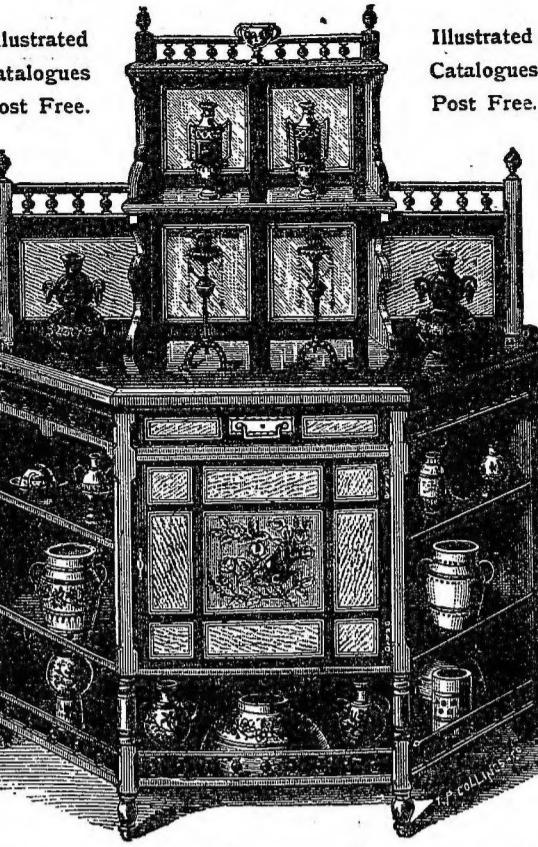
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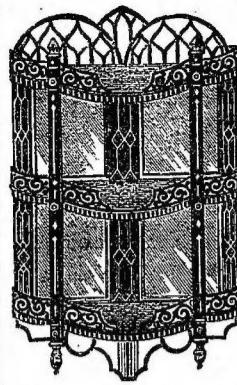
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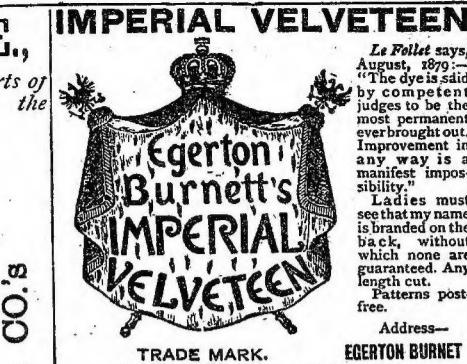
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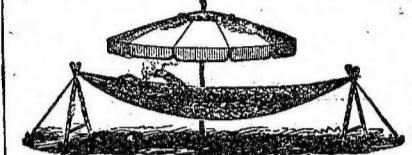
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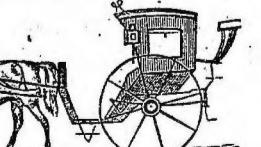
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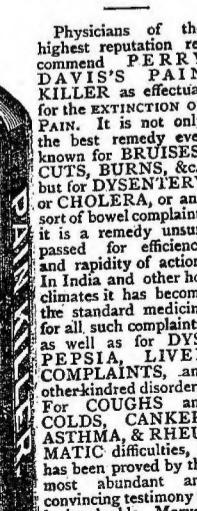
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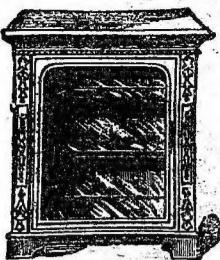
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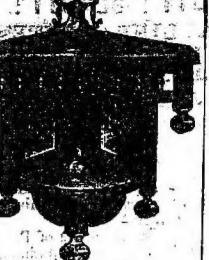


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